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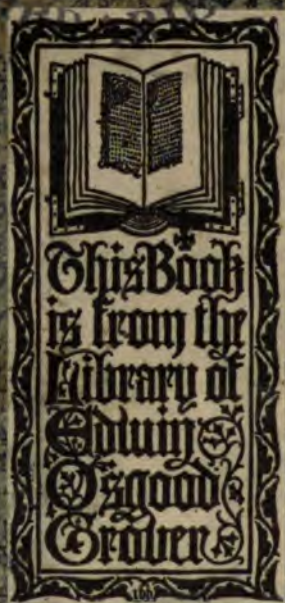
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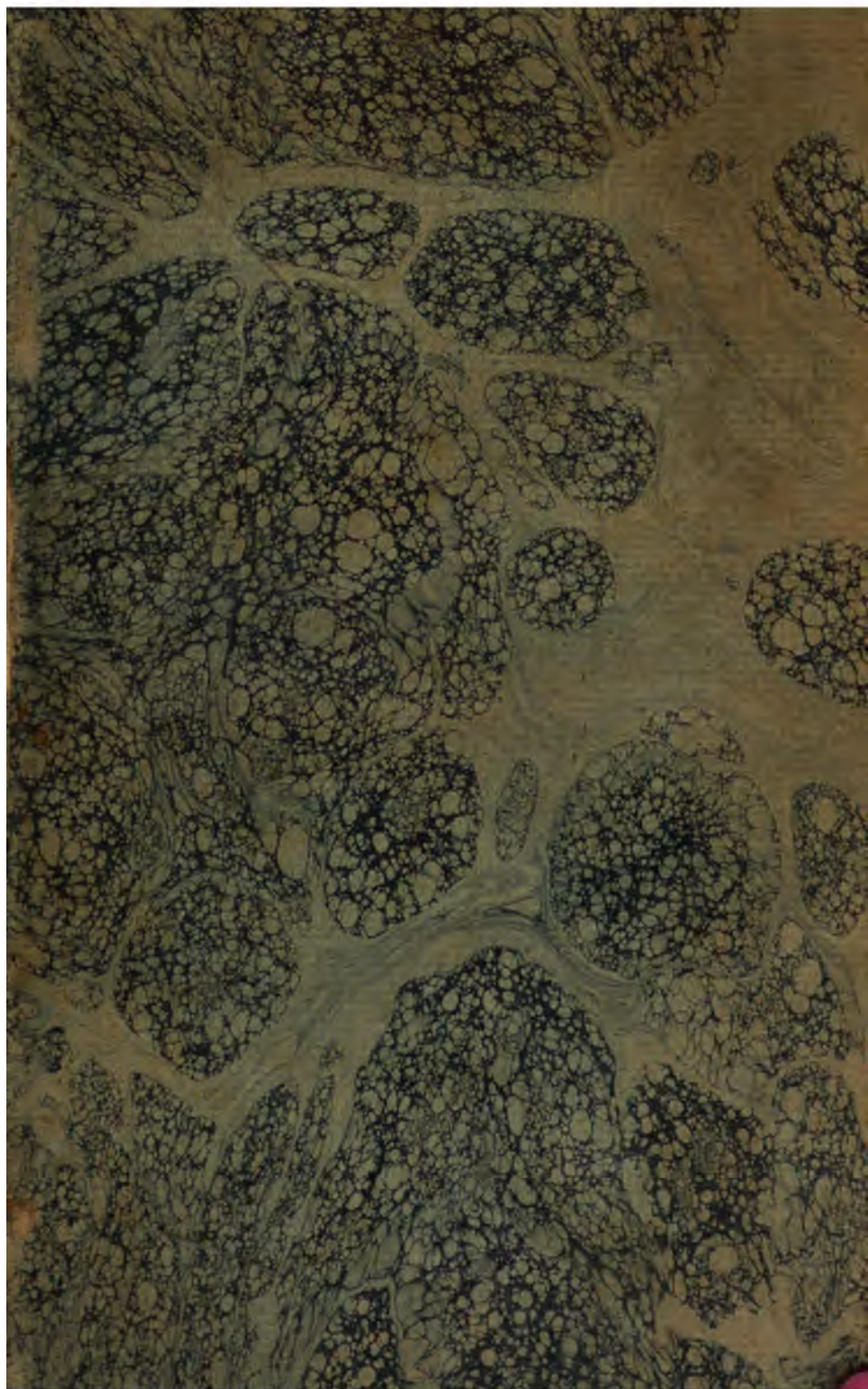
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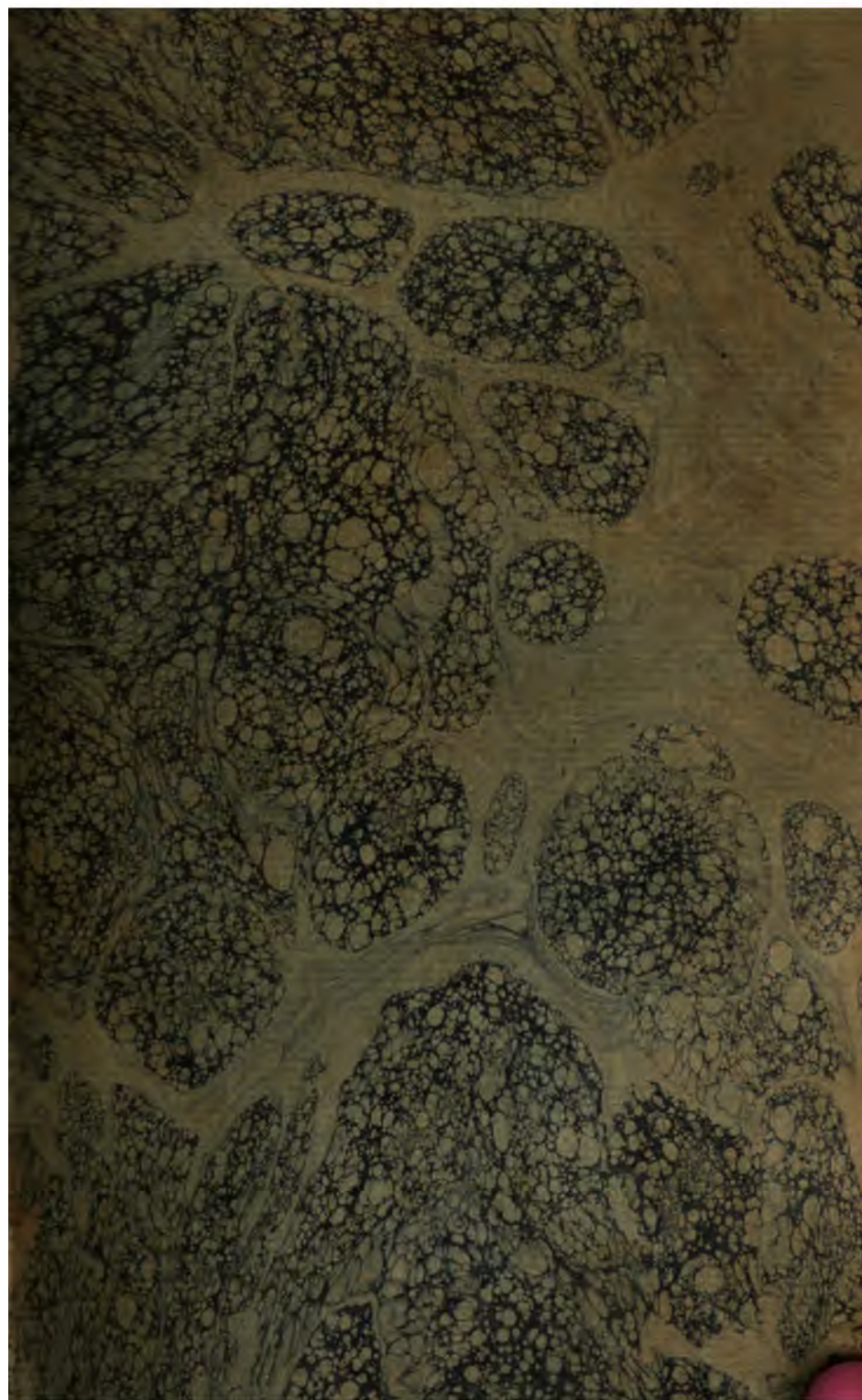
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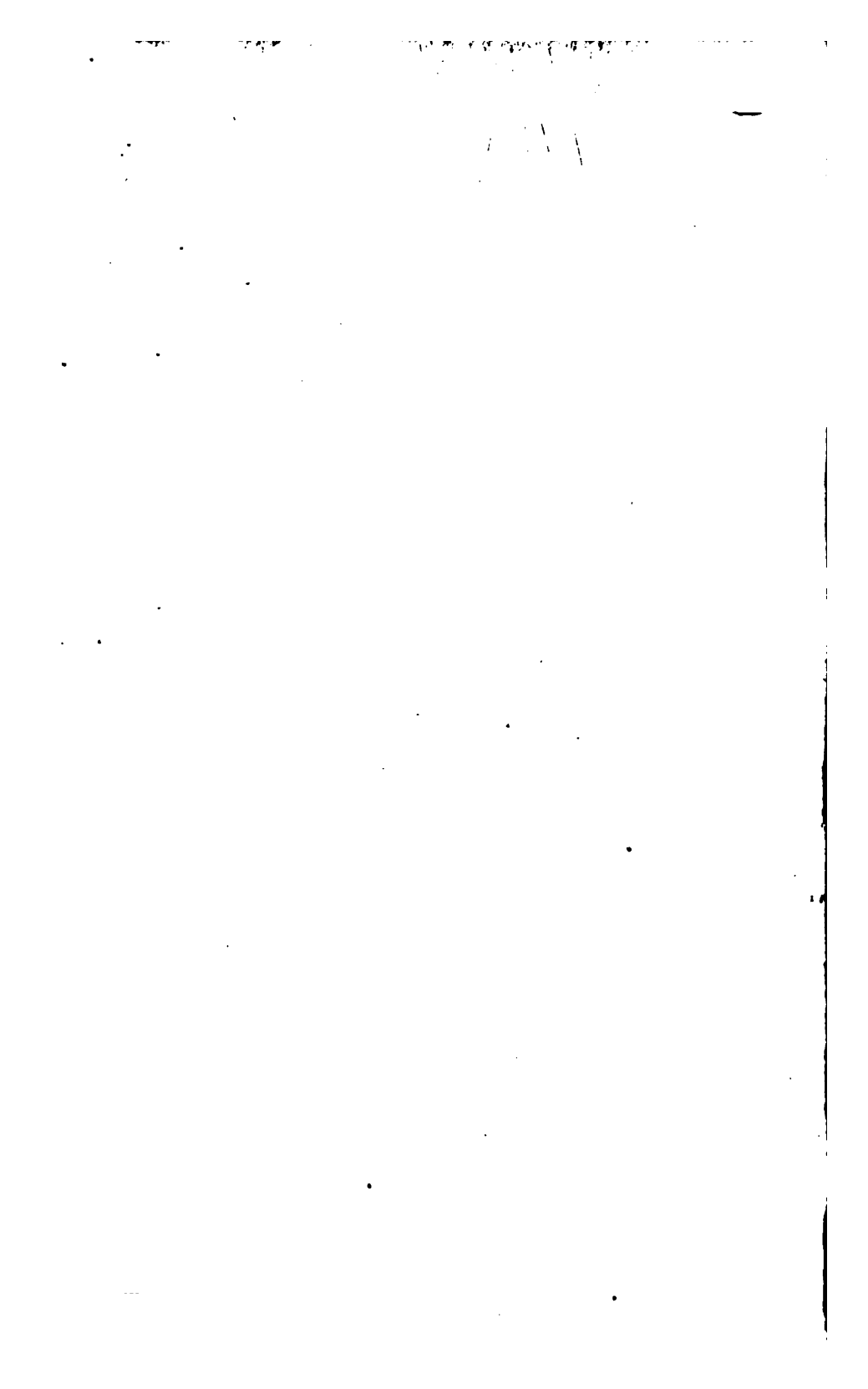
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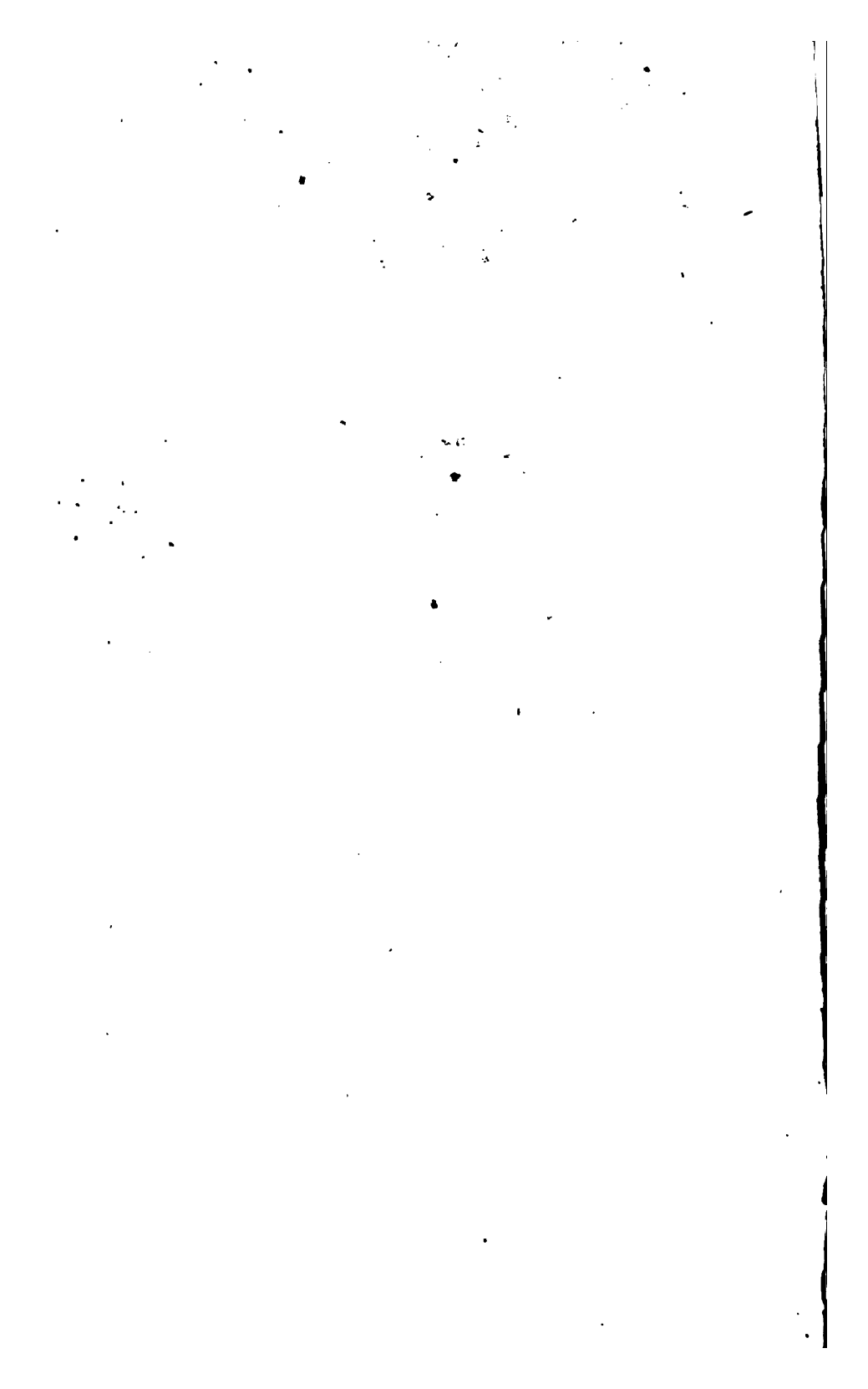






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LETTERS
FROM
EUROPE,
DURING
A TOUR
THROUGH
SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,
IN THE YEARS
1801 AND 1802.

WRITTEN BY A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOSEPH SANSON

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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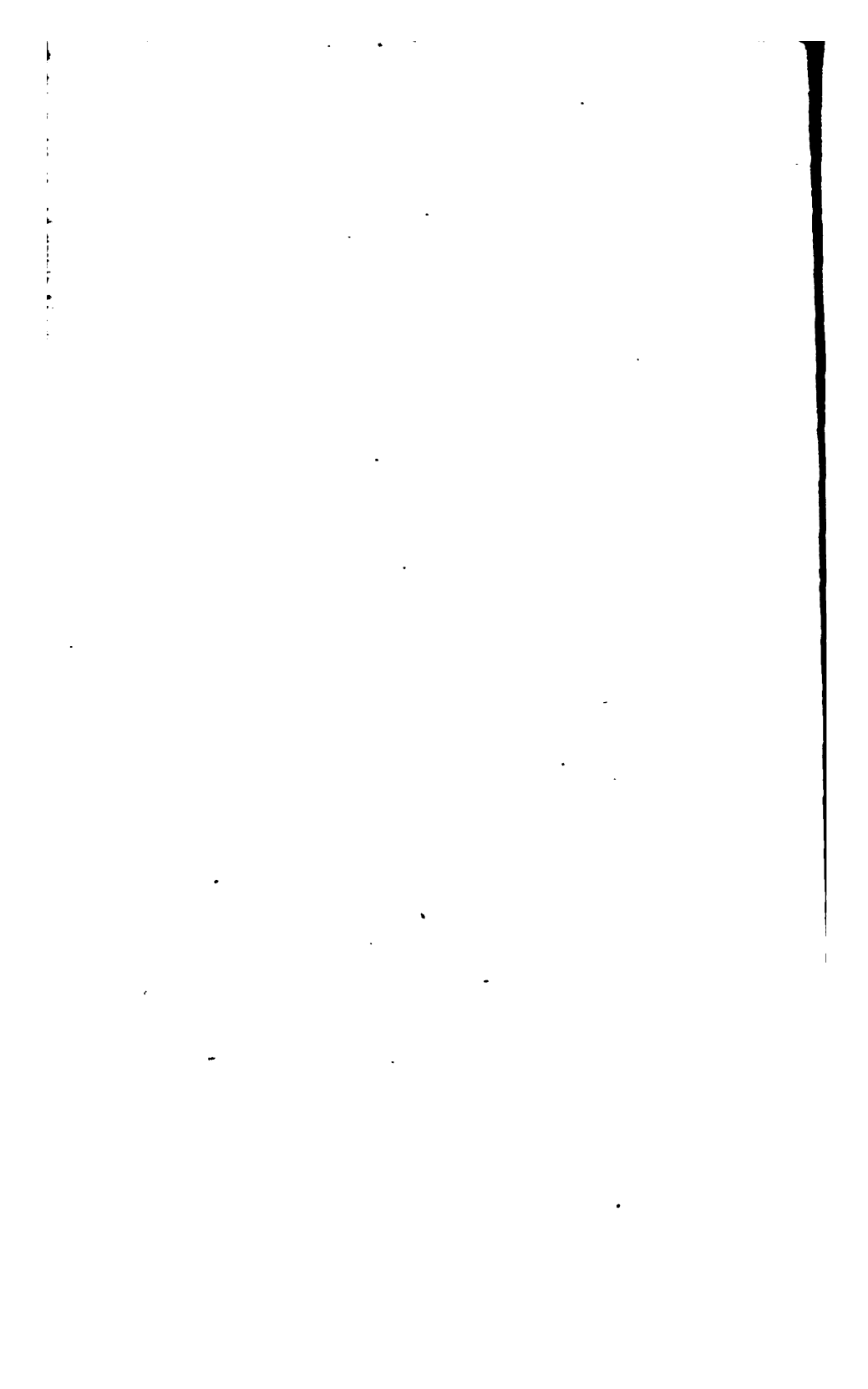
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AMERICAN
LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LETTER XIX.

*A historical account of the Corruption of
Christianity and the Introduction of the
Papal Hierarchy.*

January, 1802.

ROME, if not the birth-place, may be considered as the nursery of Christianity, in which the doctrine of a Crucified Redeemer was preached by the Companions of his Sufferings and the Witnesses of his Resurrection. Every thing, here, calls to mind the Religion of Jesus. The Churches, and even the Palaces, abound with the most correct
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representations of Sacred History; the self-denial and humility of the Monastic Orders are palpable indications of Primitive Simplicity; and the humble life and conversation of the Son of God is perpetually recalled, by a round of imitative ceremonies, which, together with the essential circumstances of his birth and death, renew, to the eye, the minute transactions of *appearing before Pilate*, or *washing his Disciples feet*. *The Angel of the Church*, to use a scripture metaphor, has not yet lost all his original brightness:

*Nor appears less than Arch-Angel ruin'd,
And th' excess of glory obscur'd.———*

A secret reformation, at least of life and manners, has taken place, even at Rome, since the rise and establishment
of

of the Protestant Professions; and the important variation has been observed to obtain, in Catholic Countries, in proportion as they communicate with the Reformed. The Saviour of the World was, himself, born in a Province of the Roman Empire; and suffered, *for our sins*, without the gates of Jerusalem, under the authority of Pontius Pilate, the Proconsul of Judea, as we learn from the text of Tacitus, as well as the united testimony of the Four Evangelists :

*Auctor nominis ejus Christus, qui, Tiberio imperitante per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicio affectus erat.**

AFTER the dissemination of the Gospel, and the settlement of the Churches,

SO

* The name [Christians] was derived from Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death, under Pontius Pilate, the Procurator of Judea.

Tacitus, Annal. 15. 8. 44.

so eloquently described by St. Luke, in his Narrative of the Acts of the Apostles, in the sixty-fourth year of Christ, the tyrant Nero fomented against the Christians, throughout the Roman Empire, which then included the greater part of the Civilized World, the first general Persecution, in which suffered martyrdom, at Rome, the Holy Apostles St. Peter, and St. Paul. This affliction terminated with the untimely death of that inhuman Monster; and it was not till the ninety-third year of the Christian Æra, that the Second Persecution, which also involved the Jews, was instigated by the jealousy of Domitian, who was weak enough to dread the rivalry of the House of David; although, as had been foretold by the Prophets, it had ceased to sit upon the Throne of Israel. It was during this
Persecution

Persecution that the Apostle John, who had so long survived his Lord, was banished to the Isle of Patmos; where he wrote the celebrated Visions of Futurity, so sublimely couched in the mystic verses of the Book of Revelations. The Canonical Books of the New Testament are supposed to have been collected together, under the sanction of the Church, before the death of the beloved Disciple; who departed this life at the venerable age of an hundred, or as some say, an hundred and twenty years. Clemens, then Bishop of Rome, who afterward suffered martyrdom for the Word of God, was particularly instrumental in the collation of the Sacred Records.

VERY soon after the removal of the last of the Apostles, whose parting admonitions

monitions to the Church of Ephesus are said to have been little more than a melting effusion of pastoral anxiety, "Little children, love one another," those National Councils began to be held in Greece, which by reducing the privileges of the People, and augmenting the authority of the Priests, gave rise to that over-bearing prescription, which afterward absorbed the independence of the Churches, and made way for the introduction of an Antichristian Hierarchy. It appears by Paul's Epistles, and by the Revelations of John, that heresies and disputes had troubled the Church, even in the Age of the Apostles.* Separate Associations were established among the Believers, within the First Century of Christianity ;

* Galatians I. 6. & III. 1—3. Revelations II. 1—29. III. 1—19.

Christianity; the practice of fasting was early superadded to the precepts of Christ; and it was not long before the Church was divided into two Sects, who peculiarly adhered to the ceremonies of the Law, or the simplicity of the Gospel. Both Parties however were zealous toward God, and suffered, indiscriminately, as Confessors of Christ, the persecution of the Heathen Magistrates, who had now become jealous for the honour of their discredited divinities.

IN the Second Century, the splendid æra of Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines (notwithstanding the Apologies of Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, and Tatian, in defence of their Christian Brethren) prevailed with unrelenting rigour the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Persecutions; during
which

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which Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was conveyed to Rome, and exposed to wild beasts, in the Public Theatre; and Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, was likewise cruelly slain. In the days of Trajan, the Philosopher Pliny, being then Governor of Pontus and Bithynia, wrote to the Emperor, who was celebrated for the general equity of his administration, to know his will as to the rigorous prosecution of the laws against the Christians. "Because," says the mild Proconsul, "those of them whom I have examined, maintained that they had been guilty of no crime; saving that they used to assemble, before day-light, to sing hymns to Christ, as unto God; and that they sometimes came together for the purpose of breaking bread in common: but that they were bound not to lie, nor steal, nor yet withhold

withhold the property of others, but to abstain from all iniquity." The Emperor's reply bears equal testimony to the innocence of the First Christians: "They need not be sought after," says he, "yet, if they are brought before you, they must be punished."* In the reign of Marcus Aurelius, occurred the supposed miracle of the Christian Legion (for professing Christians had already forgotten the peaceful precepts of

C

Him

* I subjoin for the satisfaction of the curious, the original of these unequivocal testimonials. They were written in the 7th year of Trajan, which answers to the 105th, of the Christian *Æra*. Pliny, the Younger, to the Emperor Trajan. *Affirmabant autem, hanc fuisse summam vel culpæ suæ, vel erroris, quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem: seque sacramento non in scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria, committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellati abnegarent. Quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque coeundi ad capiendum cibum, promiscuum tamen, et innoxium. Book X. Ep. 97. Trajan to Pliny. Conquerendi non sunt: si deferantur et arguantur, puniendi sunt. Book X. Ep. 98.*

Him that taught his Followers to *love their Enemies*.) In the Wars of Germany, the doubtful event of a Battle, had been decided in favour of the Romans, by a storm that blew directly in the faces of their Adversaries; when the Zealots of the Camp attributed to *their* urgent prayers, a natural effect, which was, with equal devotion, ascribed by the rest of the Army, to *the signal piety* of the Heathen Emperor: As the figure of Jupiter Fluvius, pouring rain on the fainting Romans, and thunderbolts on their enemies (which may be seen to this day, in the bas-reliefs of the Pillar of Antoninus) evidently testifies. Yet Christianity appears to have flourished in the Second Century, since Churches were then established in the Western Provinces of the Empire; and
several

several Philosophers, and Men of Learning, had embraced the faith of Christ. The Sixth Persecution took place in the beginning of the Third Century, under the Emperor Severus, although the cause of the Christians was now ably defended by Tertullian, Origen, and Irenæus.

A SECT of Ascetics had already begun to spread itself in Egypt; though the Professors of austerity did not yet form themselves into those regular Communities, by which the Christian World was afterward overrun. They introduced the System of Voluntary Mortifications, by denying themselves the use of wine, of flesh; and even the exercise of the lawful rights of commerce and matrimony: A dereliction of First Principles, rapid indeed,

indeed, since *forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats*, had been indicated by St. Paul, as a *doctrine of Devils, that should designate the Institutions of the future Antichrist.**

At Rome ceremonious observances were introduced under the specious pretence of alluring the Jews, and even the Heathen, to the profession of Christianity, by the adoption of some of their rites; and, before the end of the Second Century, the purity of Gospel Worship had been adulterated with Anniversary Festivals, and officiating garments; the payment of tithes, had succeeded to the voluntary contributions of the Faithful; and the love-feast of the Communion, was converted into an imaginary sacrifice.

EARLY

* 1 Timothy, IV. 3—5.

EARLY in the Third Century, Churches were established in Transalpine Gaul, and among the forests of Germany: but a Seventh Persecution arose under Maximin, which was followed by the Eighth, under Decius, Gallus, and Volusianus, as was that by the Ninth, under the unfortunate Valerian. Yet before the Tenth and last Persecution under the magnificent Diocletian (who is said to have employed twelve thousand Christians in the construction of those Baths, whose imperial extent is now occupied by the cells and gardens of a Carthusian Convent) the Church had become powerful, and even splendid. Edifices had been erected for public worship, embellished with Painting and Mosaics. Vessels of silver and gold were used in the pompous celebration of the

Sacraments ;

Sacraments; and the dignified Clergy, among whom the Bishops of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, had obtained the pre-eminency of their Brethren, in the sacerdotal office, had already appropriated to the exercise of the Clerical functions, the use, or prostitution, of canopies, and thrones. The Clergy of the adulterated Church were not yet *forbidden to marry*: although abstinence was respected, as a Clerical virtue.

THE Diocletian Persecution, which had been suggested by the Priests of Polytheism upon malicious charges of disloyalty and sedition, not improbably provoked by the ostentatious presumption of the Christian Bishops, (among whom however the life of Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, appears to have
adorned

adorned the doctrine of the Gospel) began in the year 303; and continued to rage, with different degrees of inveteracy, under Galerius and Maximin, until, in three hundred and thirteen, Constantine, surnamed the Great, having been invested with the Imperial purple by the Legions of Britain, overthrew his rival Maxentius upon the banks of the Tyber, under the influence of a pretended vision of the Cross; and, from motives of policy, or conviction, embraced the profession of Christianity; which had become—in three centuries—under ten Persecutions, the prevailing Religion of the Roman Empire. The Imperial conversion was not however promulgated by laws and edicts, till the year 324; and it was not until the latter end of his life and reign, that the political

litical Proselyte thought proper to prohibit Heathen sacrifices, and shut up the Temples of the gods. Nay, Constantine himself, did not submit to receive the rite of baptism, till a few days before his death, in 337; and his equivocal faith may be fairly presumed from the absence of the cross, in all the Statues, and Bas Reliefs, that have yet been discovered, of the first Christian Emperor. Theodosius is the first of his Successors whose piety the Church has thought proper to celebrate. It is palpably demonstrated (to indulgent credulity) by the actual existence of the Church of St. Paul, now standing in forsaken solitude, without the walls of Rome. Nor was it till the reign of Honorius, and the opening of the Fifth Century, that the Profession of Christianity,

anity, adopted by the Emperors, was finally embraced throughout the Empire ; which tardily relinquished the worship of its Idols.

BUT the impending Corruption of Christianity, awaited not its complete induction. Father Antony in Egypt, and in France Martin of Tours, formed regular Communities, and prescribed fixed rules, for that abstinence and seclusion, which had been already observed by solitary Hermits, and sequestered Virgins ; who, conceiving that communion with God was to be obtained by withdrawing the mind from external objects, began their noviciate by mortifying sense, and macerating the rebellious body, with hunger and fatigue. The Provinces of the East were soon

D

filled

filled with these speculative Professors, their arid climate predisposing them to temperance and contemplation: but though Monastic Institutions were peopled in the West, with equal ardour and devotion, their indulgent Inhabitants were long accused by the Eastern Visionaries of voraciousness and gluttony. On the other hand, at the Council of Nice, at which appeared Ecclesiastical Delegates from all the Churches in Christendom, the noviciate Emperor presided in person; and the innovating Bishops, not content with excluding the People from all share in the administration of Ecclesiastical affairs, now boldly encroached upon the authority of the Presbyters, who appear to have been thenceforward little more than humble Ministers to the arrogance and luxury

ry of their lordly Superiors. Although Christ himself had said to his immediate Followers: "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are Brethren."* Intrigues and seditions now began to disquiet the succession of Christian Bishops; and in 266, on the demise of Liberius, bishop of Rome, there followed a double election, which gave rise to a civil commotion, that terminated in a massacre. Pictures were not yet common in Churches, and Statues were unknown: but the names of departed Saints were already venerated; the antiquated practice of Christian perfection was relinquished for the vain hope of future purification; and the duties of social life, were commuted for idle visits to the tombs of the Martyrs, and vagrant pilgrimages

* Matth. XXIII. 8.

grimages to the Holy Land. Baptismal Founts were now set up in the porch of every Church; and the bread and wine of the Communion began to be held up for the veneration of the People. Yet the ceremony of the Lord's Supper was still only celebrated on the first day of the week and other Festivals; and all the Communicants were yet suffered to partake of both the symbols of the flesh and blood of Christ, then and since so grossly mistaken, as referring to the carnal body of Him who himself declared to the worldly-minded Jews: "The flesh profiteth nothing: My words they are spirit and they are life."*

IN the Fourth Century, however, flourished Eusebius, the historian, bishop

* John VI. 63.

shop of Cæsarea; Augustine, bishop of Hippo, in Africa; Ambrose, bishop of Milan; and Jerome, the monk of Palestine, to whose labours we are indebted for the Latin Translation of the Scriptures, which has been chiefly followed by the pious Divines who have transfused the glad tidings of the Gospel, into the languages of modern Europe.

THE Fifth Century, unhappily for Christianity, together with an indiscriminate reception of Proselytes, to policy or conviction, adopted, without reserve, the Heathen custom of ornamenting Temples with Painting and Statuary; the embroidering of Sacerdotal garments, with gold and silver; and the institution of novel and ostentatious ceremonies. Pagan ideas were also now imbibed concerning

cerning Departed Souls, Heroes, Demons, Temples, &c. and the absolvatory penance of grievous Sinners, originally made in the presence of the Congregation, was commuted with courtly indulgence, by Leo the Great, for private confession, in the ear of a listening Priest.

THE Second General Council, that of Constantinople, which had established the doctrine of the Trinity in the year 381, was followed by the Council of Ephesus, called together by Theodosius the Younger, not as St. Paul advised the Believers, *to provoke one another to love and good works*, but to determine a dispute between Nestorius and Cyril, in which the apostate Doctors, anathematized each other with mutual animosity, whether the title of *Mother of God*,

God, should be conferred upon the Virgin Mary, or only that of Mother of *Christ*. This *sage* Consulta met again, ten years later, to decide upon the two natures of Christ; when the heretical doctrine of one incarnate nature, triumphed among the benighted Fathers; and Flavianus its principal opponent was, by their order, ignominiously whipped. The Fourth Council, called the Council of Chalcedon, summoned by Marcian, in 451, annulled the acts of the Second Session, of the Council of Ephesus; condemned its President Dioscorus, bishop of Alexandria, to deposition and banishment; and finally established the orthodox doctrine of *two distinct natures*, in the person of Christ—the human and the divine. The Council of Chalcedon is the last General Council whose decisions
are

are respected by the Protestant Communion; for in the Sixth Century, the Roman Pontiffs began to assume universal dominion, and finally annihilated the prerogatives of the Church.

IN the year 529, the Order of Benedictines was instituted, on Mount-Cassin, by Benedict, of Nursia, a man of unaffected piety, whose rule was neither favourable to luxury nor ambition; and the new modification of Catholic superstition spread with rapidity over all Europe, eventually absorbing all the professions of religious austerity, by which it had been preceded.

THE public worship was yet celebrated by every nation in its proper language. The Anglo-Saxon Kings were
now

now converted to Christianity by the ministry of Augustine; and the belief of the Gospel spread itself with facility from the Island of Albion, to the neighbouring coasts of Norway and Batavia. In this Century flourished Gildas, a monk of Bangor, the first British Writer whose works have descended to Posterity.

A NEW method of celebrating the Last Supper was introduced about this time by Gregory the Great. The daring Pontiff added without scruple punctilious ceremonies to the recommendation of his Master, who simply *blessing the bread, and handing it to his Disciples*, had directed them to *do so, in remembrance of his death, until his spiritual appearance,*

*or second coming, without sin unto salvation.** In these additions originated the complex canon of the Mass, which was not universally adopted, even by the Latin Churches, for many Ages after the ambitious Gregory; who is represented, in one of the mosaics of St. Peter's, as performing a miracle, to confirm his suspected innovation.

AMID the gloom of the Seventh Century, the Emperor Heraclius, amused himself with persecuting the Jews, while the Impostor Mahomet, arose in Arabia; and in the next darkening period, the Greek and Latin Churches were occupied in a bloody quarrel, about the worship of Images, while the Saracens strengthened themselves

* See Matth. XXVI. 26—29. Luke XXII. 19, 20. & XXIV. 30. and Heb. IX. 28.

themselves in the East, made powerful descents upon the coasts of the Mediterranean, and possessed themselves of the fertile Islands of Sicily and Sardinia.

EVERY succeeding Pope now added some new ceremony to the Romish Ritual. The worship of Images was at length systematically ordained. The bones of Saints, and pieces of the True Cross, were venerated, and enshrined. And the dreaded punishments of sin were conveniently deprecated by donations "to God and Holy Church." The bequests of dying Sinners, were conditioned *for the redemption of their Souls*, and the deprecatory gifts were denominated by the accommodating Church, "the price of transgression." Such was now popular superstition, and Clerical effrontery, that
not

not only forgiveness might be procured for *the past* : but permission could be obtained for *the future*.

IN the year 751, the Popes of Rome, allowed the deposition of Childeric III. king of France; and received in acknowledgment from the Usurper Pepin, the Exarchate of Ravenna, which first raised them to the rank of temporal Princes; though the authority of the bishops of Rome, is fondly derived from the traditionary donation of Constantine the Great. In 774, Charlemagne, son of Pepin, overturned the Kingdom of the Lombards; visited Rome; and enriched the Papacy with new donations, the uncertainty of whose ample clauses, did, or did not, include Corsica, Sicily, and Sardinia, the Territory of Sabino,
the

the Duchies of Spoleto, of Parma and Placentia, and the Cities of Florence and Commachio. In acknowledgment of such unparalleled generosity Pope Leo III. in the year 800, inaugurated Charlemagne, Emperor of the West.

For the regular performance of the increasing ceremonies of the Church, the Order of Canons was about this time instituted, being a grade of Priesthood between the regular Monks, and the secular Clergy; and scholastic Divines now began to puzzle themselves with the solution of metaphysical difficulties.

In the Ninth Century the idea of transubstantiation, or the real presence, was superadded to the Inventions of Gregory; Departed Saints were canonized
by

by the Popes; and the encroaching Pontiffs persuaded Priests and People, that as *they* derived their authority from Heaven, the Bishops could derive *theirs* from them alone. Yet the election of the pretended Vice-gerent of *the Prince of Peace*, was now canvassed without the least regard to law, order, or even decency; and, in the climax of Clerical confusion, a *Woman* disguised her sex, and filled, about this time, without discovery, the Papal Chair.

THE more than midnight darkness that prevailed in the Tenth Century, over the apostate Church, was heightened by fearful apprehensions, *that the end of all things was at hand*, (for so was expounded by the purblind Divines, the predicted *unloosing of Satan after having been*

*been bound for a thousand years.)** So strongly was this idea entertained that all temporal business was neglected, and even Churches and Convents were suffered to go to ruin, for want of repairs. In the mean time, to dispel the tedium of expectation, the Festival of Departed Souls was added to the crowded Kalendar; the office of the Virgin was instituted, by her Votaries; and the vengeance of Heaven was vainly deprecated by *ave Marias*, and *Pater nosters*, in the senseless repetitions of the Rosary. The critical period passing by, without producing the dreaded event, the spirits of the People revived; and the Roman Pontiffs began to concert measures for driving the Saracens out of Palestine.

GREGORY

* Revelations XX. 1, 2, 3.

GREGORY VII. the most enterprising Prelate that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter, inflamed to madness, by the complaints of the Asiatic Christians, of the grievous oppression they suffered from the Infidels, resolved to head an army in person for the delivery of the Holy Sepulchre; and fifty thousand Men were already collected for the purpose, when the Pontiff's quarrel with the Emperor Henry IV. obliged him to relinquish the idea of his favourite expedition. Toward the end of the Eleventh Century, the absurd project was unexpectedly revived, by the enthusiasm of an obscure Individual.—One Peter, surnamed the hermit, a Recluse of Amiens, had visited *the holy places*, in the year 1090, and suffered in his own person the impositions of the Saracens. On his return

turn to Europe, the rambling Visionary, having implored in vain the interference of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Pope of Rome, boldly sounded the alarm of war in the ears of the Temporal Princes ; who were easily animated, by a pretence of religion, to a war of rapine, and revenge. Urged by the spirit of the times, Urban II. now assembled a Council at Placentia ; and afterward met another at Clermont, in Auvergne ; wherein the *sacred* expedition was recommended with the liberal promise of plenary indulgence. An innumerable multitude, of all ranks and descriptions, immediately flocked around the standard of the Church. The expedition was called a Crusade, because its object was to wrest the cross of Christ, out of the hands of Infidels ; and every

Vol. II. F Bandit

Bandit of the Gang displayed upon his shoulder the prostituted badge of Christian meekness. In the year one thousand and ninety-six, eight hundred thousand Men set out for Constantinople, to receive directions from Alexius Comnenius, the Grecian Emperor, before they should pursue their march into Asia. One of the principal divisions of this wandering Banditti, was headed by Peter himself, with a rope for his girdle, assisted by Walter the Pennyless. In their desultory advances through Hungary, and Thrace, the motley rabble committed the most flagitious crimes, under the eyes of their sanctimonious Leaders, and multitudes of them fell victims to the vengeance they exasperated. After the scum of popular fermentation had thus worked itself off, Godfrey of Bouillon,

lon, Duke of Lorraine, and his brother Baldwin, led a regular Army of eighty thousand horse and foot, across the heart of Germany. Another formidable Body, headed by Raimond Count of Thoulouse, made their way through Sclavonia. While Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror of England; Hugh, brother to Philip the First of France; and Robert Earl of Flanders, embarked their respective Forces at Brundisi and Taranto, from whence they were transported to Dyrrachium; whither they were followed by Bæmond Duke of Calabria, at the head of a Norman Host. This formidable Levy passed, without accident, the streights of Gallipolis, stormed Nice, the capital of Bithynia, subdued Antioch, and finally overran Judea. In the year 1099, Godfrey

frey of Bouillon was saluted king of Jerusalem ; and the Christian Armies returned to Europe, loaded with reliques, and inspired with a taste for the arts, and manners of the East.

IT was in the Eleventh Century that Nicholas II. instituted the College of Cardinals, which first consisted of the seven Bishops of the Roman State, and the twenty-eight Presbyters of the Parish Churches of Rome. To these were afterward added the Priors of St. John de Lateran, St. Peter, and Santa Maria Maggiore ; the Abbots of St. Paul, and St. Laurence ; and finally as many other Clerical Personages, as the Popes inclined to favour, to the canonical number of seventy, which has never been exceeded. The celibacy of the
Clergy

Clergy had been enforced by Gregory VII. in a Council held at Rome in 1074 ; and the hardy Pontiff proceeded to anathematize whosoever should receive the investiture of a Bishopric, or an Abbacy, from the hands of a Layman.

IN the mean time the Greeks accused the Latins—that they impiously made use of unleavened bread in the celebration of the Supper ;—that the Monks, of their communion, scrupled not to eat lard—that the Priests of the altar, had the indecency to shave their chins—and that, in the rite of baptism, the Western Church used but one immersion, instead of three !

LETTER XX.

*The rise and progress of the Reformation,
from its earliest dawnings in the Vallies
of Piedmont.*

*WHO is this? that cometh up from
the Wilderness, under the beau-
tiful figure, of a Woman leaning upon her
Beloved?** Is it not the true Church?
the Spouse of Christ, made up of vital
Christians—not only of all Denominations
professing the Religion of Jesus—but
of them that work righteousness, in every
Nation, Kindred, Tongue and People.†
The great Multitude that John saw stand-
ing

* Canticles VIII. 5. † Acts X. 35. /

*ing before the Throne and before the Lamb, which was to be added unto the hundred and forty and four Thousand, that had been sealed among the Tribes of Israel.**

EVANGELIC purity of Faith and worship may be traced, from the remotest Ages, among the humble Inhabitants of the Vallies of Piedmont; who were afterward denominated Waldenses, from the pious Merchant of Lyons, that attached himself to their communion in the latter end of the Twelfth Century. As early as the year eight hundred and twenty three, Claudius, bishop of Turin, condemning reliques, and censuring pilgrimages, had ordered all Images, and even Crosses, to be removed from the Churches of his Diocese; and in the last

last year of the Tenth Century, Leutard a Priest of Chalons, decried the worship of Images; the exaction of tythes and other Antichristian impositions. Among his scattered Disciples, is supposed to have originated the Sect of Reformers known in France by the name of Albigenses, who were afterward confirmed in their religious opinions by the correspondent traditions of the Gnostics, or Manichæans, a Sect of the Primitive Church, that had remained in Palestine and Bithynia until the return of the Crusades afforded them an opportunity to take refuge in Europe. In 1004 Leutheric, archbishop of Sens, maintained that none but Saints, and true Believers, received the Body of Christ, in the Sacrament. A doctrine which though he weakly abjured, on being summoned

summoned to Rome, he afterward again professed; and supported the same till his death, being confirmed therein by many Adherents. In 1045, Berenger of Tours, afterward archbishop of Angers, a man of great learning, and exemplary sanctity, publicly taught that the bread and wine were not changed in the Eucharist, into the body and blood of Christ: but that they still preserved their natural qualities, and were nothing more than figures of the elementary substances, which were to be spiritually received.

In the year 1017, there had been an Assembly of these pious Christians, at Orleans, the leading Members of which were twelve Canons of the Cathedral. They placed the sum of religion in the

internal contemplation of God, and the elevation of the Soul to celestial objects ; rejecting all external rites, and ceremonies, and laying aside, even the sacraments of the Church, as destitute of any spiritual efficacy. Their public profession of such unpopular doctrines was expiated in the flames of persecution ; and another Congregation of devout Men at Arras, whose principles struck still more deeply at the root of the corrupt tree which then overshadowed the Christian World, was induced by the fear of punishment to abjure the truths which they had ventured to inculcate.

It is not for us lukewarm Professors, basking in the sunshine of the Gospel, to condemn those who fought, or those who fell, in the glimmerings of a doubtful twilight. Like the Pioneers of a well-appointed

pointed Army, they cleared the way for that Host of Martyrs, which should afterward enter into *the strife against Spiritual Wickedness in high places*, and be made more than Conquerors under the *Captain of their Salvation*.

The Sons of the Morning, the Harbingers of approaching day, after the night of Apostacy, foreseen by the Apostle, *in which the Man of Sin should be revealed,** like the Professors of Divine Truth, in every Age (*of whom the World is not worthy*) underwent cruel mockings, and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheepskins, and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted,

* 2 Thess. ii. 3.

*afflicted, tormented, in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth.**

They trod to glory the path which no Fowl knoweth, and which the Vulture's eye hath not seen, which the Lion's Whelps have not trodden, neither hath the fierce Lion passed by it.†

Whilst Poets and Historians have strewed the graves of Heroes, and Philosophers, with the unfading flowers of eloquence, and song, the Dust of the Confessors of Jesus, has been scattered to the winds of heaven, without other memorial than the narrative of their sufferings, preserved in homely phrase, by their zealous Contemporaries, to be *ungratefully* forgotten by
Us

* Heb. XI. 36, 7 and 8.

† Job xxviii. 7.

Us who reap in peace the harvest of their blood. *The tongue of the Learned, and the pen of the Ready Writer*, have been employed, if employed at all, in telling the sad story of the Martyrs of Truth, to cast a shade of doubt, or disparagement, over the heroic constancy of *Those that loved not their lives unto death, that they might preserve a conscience void of offence toward God.** It matters not.—*Their names are written in the book of life.* The palm of martyrdom, is a plant that blooms for ever, in the Paradise of God. What though they lived

* See the III. VI. and VII. Chapters of the Philosophic Hume in his History of the House of Tudor, and more particularly the XV. and XVI. Chapters of the eloquent and sceptical Gibbon. The two Historians may be pardoned for their unbelief, but I hold them inexcusable for so lightly estimating those practical Reformers, without whose courageous intervention they might have been occupied in prostrating themselves before the girdle of the Virgin, or the Rood of Grace, instead of describing at their ease the sufferings that procured their emancipation from spiritual bondage.

lived unknown, and died in ignominy: when *the Heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat*, then will their relenting Persecutors confess "We fools counted their life madness and their latter end to be without honour: but now—how are they counted among the Just, and their portion is with the Saints."*

ALTHOUGH the Confessors of Arras were not ready to *contend for the faith delivered to the Saints*; or to seal the revelation with their blood: they were not silenced by the frowns of Power, before they had widely disseminated their Christian principles. These pious Men denied *the inherent sanctity of churches and altars; refused to adore images, and crosses;*

* Book of Wisdom V. 4.

crosses ; disapproved of the use of oil, and incense ; bells, funeral rites, instrumental music, &c. They considered voluntary penance as unprofitable ; denied the doctrine of purgatory ; and declared that the guilt of sin could not be expiated by the celebration of masses for the Dead, or the distribution of alms among the Poor. They were particularly shocked at the hierarchial distinctions established among the Clergy ; and maintained that the appointment of stated Ministers was unnecessary in the congregations of the Faithful. Like their Brethren of Orleans, they rejected baptism, especially the baptism of Infants, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as not being essential to salvation ; and, like them they were accused, by their Enemies, of the secret commission of unnatural crimes ; with
what

what probability it is easy to judge, from the harmless tenor of their acknowledged doctrines.

AMID the darkness of the Middle Ages, which involved alike the Eastern and Western Churches, the Greek Emperors had banished the scanty remnant of the Manichæans or Paulicians, (as they were sometimes called perhaps from their adherence to the great Apostle of the Gentiles) into Bulgaria, and Thrace ; from whence some of them had about this time found their way into Lombardy, and were exploring France, and Germany, to find a refuge from the unrelaxing persecution that pursued their wandering footsteps. But large Bodies of these traditionary Primitives fell into the train of the Gallic Armies, that returned from Palestine,

Palestine, by the province of Bulgaria; and settled themselves in the South of France, where they readily coalesced with the sincere Professors, who had separated themselves from the corrupt Establishment. Numerous Congregations of their Posterity remain, in Languedoc to this day, notwithstanding perpetual persecution, never relieved but by the Edict of Nantz; until the last of the Lewises (one of the mildest Princes that ever filled a throne) suspended, in their favour the operation of the penal laws.

In Italy, the devout Separatists, who now began to be numerous, were called Cathari, or Purists, for in every Age contemptuous appellations have been bestowed upon the humble Followers of Jesus, (who was himself despised of the
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Jews.) In the Vallies of Piedmont they were called Waldenses. In Germany, Beghards, or Beguines. In England Lollards. And in France they were calumniously designated by a name of reproach too infamous to be repeated.

THE Waldenses were so called after Peter Waldus, a Merchant, or Manufacturer, of Lyons, who, about the year 1160, employed a poor Priest to translate the four Gospels into French, and perusing them with attention, perceived that the religion then taught in the Church was essentially different from that originally inculcated, by Christ and his Apostles. Impressed with the self-denying precepts of the Gospel, he abandoned his calling, distributed his goods among the Poor, and, in 1180, began to
preach

preach (without Clerical ordination) the doctrine of Jesus. His Followers soon became numerous among the simple-hearted Believers, in France, and Lombardy. They denied the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, whom they were rather inclined to consider as "the Whore of Babylon" than "the Head of the Church." Professing no new doctrines, these sober Reformers, aimed at nothing more, than reducing the form of Church Government, and the lives and manners of both Priests and People, to the original simplicity of the Apostolic Age, when *the Ministers of the Gospel maintained themselves by the labour of their own hands*.* The Sermon of Christ, on the Mount, was their rule of life and manners; the precepts of which they accepted

* See Acts XX. 34.

cepted literally, and of consequence condemned *the acquisition of riches*, and forbade *self-defence, the taking of oaths, &c.**

WHILE the true Christian doctrine was thus gaining ground, in unnoticed obscurity, a Second Crusade was undertaken by Lewis VII. of France, and Conrad III. Emperor of Germany. But the united forces of these two powerful Monarchs—melting away, by famine, shipwreck, and the sword, were at length entirely dissipated, by intestine divisions; and the perfidy of the Greeks; who had learned to dread the alliance of the Western Christians, more than the hostility of their Mahometan Invaders. Yet such was the blind enthusiasm of the Age, that

that when Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, and Syria (in a pitched battle, fought near the sea of Tiberias, as it is called in Holy Writ) took prisoner Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem; at the instigation of Bernard, Abbot of Clairval (who boldly prophesied success to the Avengers of the Christian Cause) the Roman Pontiff, in 1189, proclaimed a Third Expedition to *the Holy Land*. Flushed with the confidence of victory, Frederick Barbarossa, one of the nominal Successors of the Emperors of the West, marched into the Lesser Asia; where he defeated the Sultan of Iconium, and penetrated, in triumph, to the borders of the Promised Land.—But the hardy German, in traversing the river Saleph, sunk into a watery grave; and a pestilence interred his Army, in the neighbouring

neighbouring Plains—A scanty Remnant of the Christian Host returned to tell the tale. The next year Philip Augustus, king of France ; and Richard, surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, king of England, set sail from the sea-ports of their maritime Dominions, with an innumerable fleet of ships and transports. Their united Forces reduced Ptolemais (now St. John d'Acre) though the place was strenuously defended by the Saracens : but Philip—disgusted with fatigue, or danger, returned, in doubtful haste, to sway the sceptre of the fairest Realm in Europe ; and the dauntless Richard, after defeating Saladin, in several engagements, gladly embraced the proposal of a truce, under cover of which *the Holy Land* was evacuated by the Western Christians in 1192. Richard, on his return through
Germany,

Germany, penniless, and forlorn, I remember from my childhood the romantic tale (together with the Story of St. George of Cappadocia, and the Adventures of Fortunatus in the Hercynian Forest) was thrown into a dungeon, by the command of the Emperor; and the Royal Vagabond, who had defended Palestine against the Turks, was fain to redeem his person, by an ample ransom, from the unfriendly gripe of a Christian Brother. In 1248, notwithstanding, Lewis IX. since called Saint Lewis, on account of this *holy* expedition, set sail for the coast of Egypt, with a well-appointed Army. At the siege of Damietta his Brother, the Count d'Artois, was slain; and the King, himself, was afterward made prisoner, by the victorious Saracens. Yet in 1270 the devoted Vic-

tim

tim to superstitious phrenzy, uninstructed by the lessons of experience, again descended upon the Coast of Africa, where himself, and the flower of his Nobility, perished, without an Enemy, by a wasting pestilence. Thus terminated the latest of those Antichristian Expeditions, by which, for two centuries, all Europe was kept in arms to disturb the peace of Asia, under the vague pretext of religious obligation, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of Infidels.

THESE Holy (or unholy) Wars gave rise to the three Military Orders of the Catholic Church, Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (since established at Malta) Knights Templars (afterward so arbitrarily abolished) and Teutonic Knights, an institution that still forms a part of the

the singular constitution of the German Empire.

IN the year 1233, Dominic de Gusman, Canon of Osma, had been commissioned, by the reigning Pope, to extirpate with fire and sword, the Heretics of Thoulouse; and in the bloody institutions of this Anti-Christian Priest, originated the unholy office of the Inquisition, whose cruel process still disgraces the Catholic Kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. About the same time Francis de Assisi appeared in Umbria, and the variegated Tribes of Western Ascetics soon ranged themselves under the streaming banners of these two popular Leaders. But the flame of superstition now blazed with a degree of fury that alarmed the tranquillity of the Sovereign

Pontiffs themselves: for, about the middle of the Thirteenth Century, there arose, in Italy, a Sect of Disciplinarians, so extravagant in their ideas of voluntary penance, and mortification, that the Pope was fain to check the ebullitions of their zeal by preventing the fiery Zealots from lacerating with thongs their naked bodies, in fanatical processions from town to town.

UPON the demise of Nicholas IV. in 1292, a vacancy of three years interrupted the *unbroken* succession of the Papal See; and, in the year 1300, Boniface VIII. a bold and enterprising Prelate who had assumed the triple Crown and fortified the Castle of St. Angelo, proceeded to palm upon the Christian Church, a motley imitation of the Roman

man Secular Games, and the Israelitish Jubilee. Boniface affected, with unblushing front, to trace his Institution from the usage of the Primitive Church ; and proclaimed a year of plenary remission, for all those who should confess their sins, and visit, with contrite hearts, the Metropolitan Churches of St. Peter and St. Paul.* This glaring innovation was soon followed by the Festival of the Holy Sacrament, or *Corpus Christi*, in honour of the supposed transubstantiation of the bread and wine of the Last Supper, into the body and blood of Jesus.

IN the year 1305, Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bourdeaux, being elevated

* In the year 1600, the Jubilee year of Clement VIII. it was computed that five hundred thousand Pilgrims visited Rome, for the benefit of absolution, or the indulgence of curiosity.

ed to the Papacy, and assuming the name of Clement V. the patriotic Prelate could not be persuaded to quit his native country, and established his See in the delightful climate of Avignon upon the banks of the Rhone. Upon the decease of Clement, in 1314, there was another interval of two years in the *perpetual* succession; when he was succeeded, in turn, by John XXII. Benedict XII. Clement VI. Innocent VI. Urban V. and Gregory XI. who returned to *the eternal city* in 1376; to the unbounded joy of the People of Rome, who compared the seventy years defection of the Sovereign Pontiffs, to *the carrying away into Babylon.*

UPON the decease of Gregory, a schism took place in *the Sacred College*,
that

that embroiled the unity of the Church, with a double election ; under which Urban VI. remained at Rome, and Clement VII. repaired to Avignon ; where his doubtful cause was espoused by the Kings of France, and Spain, of Scotland, Sicily, and Cyprus. During fifty years, from the period of this equivocal partition of Papal *infallibility*, the divided Body of the *Universal* Church, continued to own, or to disclaim, two, and sometimes three, different Heads, that fulminated against each other inveterate, but powerless, excommunications ; until the Council of Constance, assembled in 1414, by John XXIII. at the instigation of the Emperor Sigismond, declared that the Roman Pontiff was himself subject to the decrees of a General Council. The assembled Fathers soon afterward proceeded

proceeded to depose, the very Pope by whom they had been constituted ; Gregory XII. sent in a voluntary resignation of his claim to the Pontificate ; and, in 1417, Benedict XIII. the only remaining Pretender to the triple crown, was solemnly degraded ; and Otto de Colonna was proclaimed sole head of the Church, under the name of Martin V. who united to his disputable pretensions, the preponderance of one of those powerful Families, which had long divided the Aristocracy of Rome. Yet the superannuated Benedict persisted till his death, in 1423, in assuming the title and the prerogatives of the Papacy—nay when the forsaken Pontiff drew his last breath, in the arms of two solitary Cardinals, who had devoted themselves to his desperate fortunes, one of the persevering Prelates
elected

electd the other to fill again the vacant chair. He assumed without hesitation the name of Clement VIII. but was easily persuaded to resign his pretensions to the ascendancy of Martin—thus terminating the ambiguous Schism, which had for half a Century divided the Church, and scandalized the Believers.

AT the Council of Constance was first ordained the growing practice of administering the Eucharist to the Laity, in one kind, only, reserving the wine for the Clergy, alone. Thus separating the supposed Body from the Blood, which in the figure of the Last Supper were expressly joined together by Christ himself: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood,"*—the spiritual meaning

* John VI. 56.

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meaning of which our blessed Saviour condescended to explain to the inquiring Nicodemus, startled at the gross idea of material regeneration.

THE hardy Innovators did not dissolve the Council, before they had condemned to the flames John Huss, and Jerome of Prague; for having inveighed against the corruptions of the Clergy: But these Reformers had kindled a flame in Bohemia, which was not to be quenched at Constance, and a hundred years afterward the Followers of Huss saluted Martin Luther, as their second hope.

IN the mean time, John Wickliffe, Rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, had ventured to defend the privileges

vilages of the University of Oxford, against the pretensions of the Friars Mendicant; to censure the encroachments of the Pope, upon the liberties of the Church of England; and, about the year 1370, to translate the Scriptures into English.

THE opinions of this illustrious Reformer were condemned, in full Consistory, by Gregory XI. for Wickliffe, though he was himself a Priest, was for rejecting *all human rites and traditions* ; and reducing *church government to the Apostolic order, of Bishops and Deacons* : declaring that *the baptism of water profiteth not, without the baptism of the spirit*, and that *in the days of Paul, a Priest and a Bishop, was one and the same thing*. He died peaceably however at Lutterworth in
Vol. II. K 1387 ;

1387; though the bones of the Prophet were dug up, and publicly burned, when his increasing Followers became the objects of unrelenting persecution, under the name of Lollards, in the boasted reign of Henry V. Wickliffe is the first Englishman that is mentioned in History, as espousing the cause of Reformation; although it may be fairly presumed to have already gained considerable strength; since he was openly protected by the famous Duke of Lancaster called John of Gaunt.

IN the Twelfth Century the Doctors of the Church had been divided by the frivolous question of the Immaculate Conception—not of the Infant Jesus, *but of the Virgin Mary*. In the Fourteenth, arose scholastic disputations upon the
learned

learned errors of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas; and the Partizans of St. Francis and St. Dominic contended about the *passive, or positive, poverty of Christ*. In the year 1322 it was gravely propounded to the Divines of Paris, by the *infallible* Expositor himself, *whether or not those were to be deemed heretics, who maintained that Jesus Christ and his Apostles had neither common, nor personal, property in any thing that they possessed*. In the mean time the Cordeliers entered the Lists with a dogmatic proposition, *whether the blood of Jesus was separated from his body while he lay in the grave*. But no wonder the various Sects of the Catholic Church differed with each other, since the querulous Celibatists frequently disagreed among themselves. Among the Franciscans,
in

in particular, some were for *rigorous discipline*—others for *more gentle chastisement of the flesh*. Some were for *laying up winter stores*—others for *trusting to Providence for occasional supplies*. Some were for *wearing their garments long*—others for *cutting them short*. In these momentous contests the sturdy Disputants alternately ejected each other from the brawling refectory; till the most obstinate Zealots for unconditional poverty were *convinced* of the lawfulness of making prudent provision for the future by the *unanswerable* arguments of fire and faggot. Yet the turbulent Franciscans united in maintaining that the Founder of their Order was nothing less than *a Second Christ*, and that their rule of discipline was *the true economy of Jesus*. In the year 1383 a book was published

published under the patronage of the Society, entitled *the conformities of St. Francis with Jesus Christ*; and in the Convent of Santa Croce, at Florence, may be seen to this day, a series of Paintings, done by Giotto, one half of which represent the life of Jesus, and the other that of Francis de Assisi. Neither of the legendary tales omit the lying wonder of the impression, *upon the hands and feet of the emaciated Visionary*, of the wounds of *the Son of the Blessed*, which he suffered in his own body on the tree.

ABOUT this time the Greeks apprehending themselves likely to stand in need of the assistance of the Latins, against the increasing ascendancy of the Turks in Asia, affected a willingness to submit

submit their creed to the canons of the Catholic Church. In the year 1369, John Palæologus, the declining shadow of the Emperors of the East, paid a visit of obeisance to the Roman Pontiff, and subscribed a confession of faith, dictated to him by the vain-glorious Urban V. But the Greek Priests could never be brought to submit to the political confession of their Prince; and the union of the Greek and Latin Churches could not be effected; though one of the principal points in dispute, was *whether Souls in purgatory were purified by mental anguish, or material fire*. The Latins, accordingly looked on with indifference, while the Mahometans encroached upon the fainting Greeks; and in the year 1453 Mahomet II. took Constantinople, by assault, and finally extinguished the
Empire

Empire of the East. Thirty-nine years after that important event, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety two, Christopher Columbus discovered a new World in the West, by the settlement of which with European Colonists the Papal Empire has since obtained a greater accession of power and wealth than could have resulted from the flattering conversion of the Greeks.

THE Rulers of the Church now spent their days in luxurious indolence, and in the open practice of all kinds of vice, to the utter scandal of the temporal Princes of Christendom; in compliance with whose solicitations for the reformation of the Church, Martin V. had summoned the Council of Basil: but the Pontiff died, as the Prelates were assembling, and left

left the Synod to be opened by the Proxy of his Successor, Eugenius IV. in the year 1431. The points proposed for deliberation in this grave Assembly were, the union of the Greek and Latin Churches; and the reformation of the Church Universal, in its Head, and in its Members; according to a Resolution of the Council of Constance. The Council of Basil after the critical example that had been set by their Predecessors, deposed Eugenius in the year 1439, and elected in his room Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who took the name of Felix V. But Eugenius maintained his authority, under the sanction of the Council of Florence, till the Fathers of Basil separated, in 1443, declaring themselves not dissolved; but capable of meeting again, whenever they should think fit. Eugenius
dying,

dying, in 1447, was succeeded by Nicholas V. a man of genius and erudition, and a patron of learning and the arts. In his time were laid the new foundations of St. Peter's, and the art of printing was introduced at Rome ; which after having been invented by Costar of Haerlem had been improved at Mentz and Strasburgh about the year 1440. Two years after the accession of Nicholas, Felix resigned his pretensions, and retired to a hermitage, at Ripaille, on the borders of the Lemane Lake. In 1455, Nicholas himself is said to have died of grief, for the taking of Constantinople.

In the year 1492, succeeded to the Papal Chair, Roderic Borgia, otherwise Alexander VI. a man destitute of principle, and regardless of decency. This

Vol. II. L shameless

shameless Pope had four sons by one of his Concubines, among whom was the infamous Cæsar Borgia. His profligate career was terminated in 1503 by a dose of poison, which himself and his graceless Son had mingled for Others, who stood in the way of their avarice, or ambition.

THE principal places in the public schools were now occupied by bigotted Monks, who loaded the memories of their Pupils with barbarous terms, senseless distinctions, and scholastic precepts; and the public exercises were puzzled with disputes between Scotists, and Thomists, Realists and Nominalists, Positivi and Sententiarii. So rare was real learning that when Luther appeared, in the next Century, there could not be found,
even

even in the University of Paris, a single Doctor competent to examine, much less to oppose, his tenets, by the text of Scripture. The Few who were now at all qualified to teach the People strove rather to amuse, than to instruct them with wretched quibbles, tedious narratives of fictitious miracles, and idle declamations upon the merits of the Saints, the glory of the Virgin, and the torments of purgatory. Nay, the Ethics of Aristotle had well nigh supplanted the Precepts of the Gospel. The richer Monks, particularly those of the Augustine and Benedictine Orders, perverting their revenues to the gratification of their lusts, drew upon themselves popular odium by their sensuality, and licentiousness. The Mendicant Orders, especially the Dominicans and Franciscans, amused themselves

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selves with quarrelling over intricate or superstitious questions, only agreeing that *in the vow of poverty was the true Christian life*. Yet, amid the gloom of a German Cloister, Thomas á Kempis was visited with that radiation of Gospel light, from which emanated his spiritual treatise "On the Imitation of Jesus Christ"—a work that may be compared with "Pilgrim's Progress," the impressive allegory which afterward issued from an English Prison, *under the similitude of a dream*.

In the beginning of the Sixteenth Century the Roman Pontiffs slumbered in unsuspecting security, the commotions that had been excited in preceding ages, by the persecution of the Waldenses, Albigenses, and Beghards, and

and latterly by that of the Lollards, and Bohemian Brethren, having been temporarily suppressed. But several Princes and free States began now to exclaim against the despotic sway of the *Ghostly Fathers*; their fraud, violence, avarice, and injustice; the arrogance, tyranny, and extortion, of their Legates; and the unbridled licentiousness of the Monks, loudly demanding a General Council for the Reformation of the Church. The gloomy empire of superstition was also now undermined by the restoration of learning. Erasmus and other learned Men pointed their attacks particularly against the bigotry and ignorance of the Clergy: But none of these had yet the boldness to call in question the deeply-rooted opinion, *that Christ had established a Vicegerent at Rome, invested with his own*

own supreme and unlimited authority. The Popes therefore continued to lull themselves in the lap of ease, and gratify without restraint the bent of their lusts; which may be traced to conviction, among the master-pieces of the imitative arts that still adorn the Lodges of Raphael, the Chambers of the Vatican, and even the altar-piece of the Papal Chapel.

THE Monster Alexander had been succeeded, in 1503, by Pius III. who survived his elevation no more than a month; when his decease made way for the elevation of the despotic Julian de la Rovere, who assumed the denomination of Julius the Second, and whose reign of ten years, was one continued scene of military tumult. In the year 1511, under the patronage of Maximilian I. and
Lewis

Lewis XII. several Cardinals assembled a council at Pisa, with the intention of setting bounds to the tyranny of this furious Pontiff. Its proceedings were anathematised at Rome. But the days of Julius were numbered; and he was succeeded, in 1513, by the celebrated Leo. X. of the House of Medicis, a man equally indifferent to the principles of religion. The time of this famous Pontiff, respectable in the history of the Arts, was divided between the pursuits of pleasure, and the conversation of Men of Letters. He was prodigal, luxurious, and imprudent; and he has been charged with the singular crimes of impiety, and even atheism.

Among the many contrivances which had long been employed by the Popes,

to

to draw into their coffers the wealth of Christendom, was the sale of indulgences; which not only procured the remission of the *temporal* pains and penalties that the Church had annexed to certain transgressions, but even pretended to abolish *the punishments apprehended in a future state, by the Workers of Iniquity*. In the year one thousand five hundred and seventeen, Leo, having incurred enormous expenses in prosecuting the building of St. Peter's Church, thought proper to replenish the exhausted Treasury by causing a plenary indulgence for all offences past, present, and to come, to be proclaimed throughout Christendom for the exclusive benefit of Such as were able and willing, to exchange the temporal *pound*, for the spiritual *penny*. When this sweeping

sweeping Edict was promulgated at Wittemberg in Saxony, Martin Luther an Augustine Friar (and at the same time Professor of Divinity, in an Academy instituted at that place, by the Elector Frederick) publicly censured the extortions of the Questors; and even ventured to implicate the motives of the Sovereign Pontiff himself in suffering the people to be seduced by such delusions from placing their trust and confidence in Christ. The sentiments of Luther were received with approbation, by the greatest part of Germany, which had long groaned under the impositions of the Pontiffs, and the contrivances of their Collectors, to empty the pockets of the Rich, and to grind the faces of the Poor. Yet the bold Reformer, who had been summoned to

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answer for his conduct at Rome, by the jealous Dominicans, to whom the negociation of the indulgences had been intrusted by the Pope, defended himself, in writing, and professed intentional submission, if convicted of error.

At first the Imperial Pontiff beheld this obscure controversy with indifference, or contempt; but on being informed by the Emperor Maximilian of the serious divisions it was likely to produce, in Germany, he summoned Luther to appear before him, at Rome; but the Papal summons was superseded by the elector his Sovereign, who insisted that the cause belonged to the jurisdiction of a German Tribunal, and ought to be decided by the Ecclesiastical

cal

cal laws of the Empire. The Pontiff reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of the Prince, and Luther was ordered to answer for his heretical opinions, before Cardinal Cajetan, who was then Legate at the Diet of Augsburg. Unfortunately for the interests of the Papacy, the Legate was himself a Dominican, and consequently little disposed to adopt conciliatory measures with the Innovator that struck directly at the immunities of his order. The imperious Legate, and the undaunted Reformer, had three conferences at Augsburg, which terminated, as might have been foretold, without the gift of prophecy, in passion on one side, and contumacy on the other. Luther yet referred his cause to the ultimate decisions of the Roman Pontiff: but he afterward retracted

tracted the submission, and appealed to the future decisions of a General Council, upon the Pope's issuing a special Edict, which commanded his spiritual Subjects to acknowledge his power of *delivering from all the punishments due to sin and transgression*. Philip Melancthon, then Professor of Greek at Wittemberg, whose natural mildness of temper, and elegant taste for polite literature, inclined him to moderation and quietude, laboured, in vain, to reconcile the contending parties, and bring about a reformation in the Church, if possible without a schism. Yet before the defection of Luther, Ulric Zuinglius, a Canon of Zuric, in Switzerland, of extensive learning, uncommon sagacity, and heroic courage—offended, from his earliest years, with the superstitious practices of the Church, in which
he

he was educated, had begun to explain the Scriptures to the People, to censure the misconduct of the Clergy, and to pronounce the necessity of a reform. Encouraged by the example, and the success, of Luther, he openly opposed the Ministry of an Italian Monk, who was carrying on in Switzerland the impious traffic of indulgences; and the Pope's supremacy was eventually rejected in the principal Cantons of the confederated Republics.

IN the year 1520 Leo formally condemned forty-one pretended heresies; and in 1521 he proceeded to extremities, by excommunicating Luther; who now, in conjunction with Melanethon, threw off all pretensions of allegiance to the Papal See.

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IN the mean time Charles V. of Spain, the history of whose age has been elucidated by the pen of Robertson, succeeded to the Empire of Germany, on the demise of his Grandfather Maximilian, and the new Emperor, who prided himself on being a faithful Son of the Church, at the instigation of Leo, summoned a Diet at Worms, for the trial, and punishment, of the contumacious Heretic. The Reformer however was now powerfully defended by the Elector his Sovereign, who could claim some indulgence from the new Emperor, as having been the principal means of preventing the rival pretensions of Francis I. to the imperial throne. Yet at this Diet Luther was declared *an Enemy to the Holy Roman Empire*; and the Daring Innovator was
only

only sheltered from capital punishment, by his prudent Protector, who secreted him ten months in the castle of Wartenberg. Here Luther employed his active mind in translating the New Testament into German; but, before he had finished the work, he impatiently broke away from his confinement, and repaired to Wittenberg; where the Friends of the Reformation (so little did the progress of reform now depend upon Luther) had already proceeded to greater lengths than their acknowledged Leader, himself, approved; for Luther was rather disposed to treat with toleration altars, images, waxen tapers, and private confession. He now however, with the assistance of several other learned, and pious, Men, completed his Translation of the Scriptures; which

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which probably contributed more than all other causes, to strengthen the foundations of the Lutheran Church.

THE year 1522 terminated the life and reign of Leo the Tenth, who, after having erected the stupendous pillars that should support a Regal canopy over the supposed Sepulchre of St. Peter and St. Paul, was himself deposited, beneath a nameless stone, in a Dominican Convent.

SEVERAL Diets were about this time successively convened, at Nuremberg, from which the Popish Legate finally withdrew, in disgust, on finding that the German Princes, in general, were no enemies to the Reformation.

BUT

BUT the Friends of the Reformation now divided among themselves. Luther and his Followers, though they rejected the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation [the conversion of the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ] were nevertheless of opinion that the Partakers of the Lord's Supper, received, together with the bread and the wine, the body and the blood. Zuinglius on the contrary, and the Swiss Reformers, at the head of whom is usually placed John Calvin (a native of Picardy, who not long afterward took the lead at Geneva) maintained that the body and blood were no way present in the Eucharist: for that the bread and wine were nothing more than external symbols, designed to excite the remembrance of the suf-

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and death of the Redeemer. Hence arose in 1524 a vehement controversy, which finally terminated in that distinction of doctrine and worship which now divides the greatest part of the Protestant World, under the distinguishing appellations of Lutherans, and Calvinists.

IN 1529, Charles V. zealous for the unity of faith and worship, convoked another Diet at Spire; in which every change in the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Catholic Church, was declared impious, and unlawful. Against this arbitrary decree, John, Elector of Saxony, George, Elector of Brandenburg [Ancestor of the Kings of Prussia] the Landgrave of Hesse, the Prince of Anhalt, and the Duke of Lüneburg

nenburg [Progenitor of the House of Hanover] protested in form; and their protest was powerfully seconded by Strasburg, Constance, and eleven other free Cities of the Empire. From this celebrated Protest originated the name of Protestants, now unanimously adopted by all professing Christians, who have abjured the Romish Communion. After the dissolution of the Diet, the Protestant Princes re-assembled at Augsburg, to strengthen themselves by a league and covenant; and it was then that Melancthon drew up the famous Confession of Faith, which has ever since formed the basis of the Lutheran System.

ABOUT this time the Swedes, under Gustavus Vasa, embraced the Reformation,



tion, at the preaching of Olaus Petri; who had translated the Bible into the Swedish Tongue; as did the Danes, soon afterward, under Christiern III. In France the reformed opinions had been received by great numbers of Zealous Christians, as early as the year 1523. They were persecuted with fiery Zeal by Francis I. though the Protestants were countenanced by the King's Sister, Margaret Queen of Navarre, the Mother of that Henry de Bourbon, who afterward abjured his religion, to facilitate his accession to the throne of France, under the well known name of Henry IV.

THE Protestant doctrines had also been embraced by Multitudes of devout Professors in Hungary, Bohemia, the Netherlands,

Netherlands, and the British Islands, when Henry VIII. broke with the Church of Rome, because Clement VII. would not consent to dissolve his marriage with Catharine of Arragon, Aunt to Charles V. who, having been first espoused by his Brother Arthur, the inconstant Henry either felt, or affected, scruples of conscience, on account of consanguinity. To this measure the Monarch is supposed to have been instigated by Thomas Cranmer, a Student of Divinity who had embraced the new doctrines, and was afterward elevated to the See of Canterbury. But the uxorious Tyrant little deserves to be ranked with the Heads of the Reformation, since he persecuted, *to death*, all who presumed to differ from his own *inconstant* standard of faith or practice. The furious

Bigot

Bigot once caused to be burned, at the same stake, three Witnesses against the invocation of Saints, and three conscientious Sticklers for the Pope's supremacy; and he sacrificed, with relentless animosity, his own Lord Chancellor, the philosophic More, for refusing to abjure the religion of his Fathers.

THE divorce, to which has been so lightly attributed the origin of the Reformation in England, did not take place till the year 1533; although Tyndal's Translation of the New Testament had been printed at Antwerp in 1527, and was eagerly read throughout the Nation; notwithstanding the most powerful exertions of the pretended Reformer to suppress the sacred book. It was not until the irresistible progress of the Reformation

mation overcame the opposition of the Superior Clergy, that Miles Coverdale, and John Rogers, were permitted to correct Tyndal's Bible, which had been printed at Hamburgh in 1532; and to publish the same, after having undergone the Royal expurgation, under the name of Cranmer. Even this Translation, which he had sanctioned himself, was afterward forbidden by the peevish Reformado, who had become so corpulent that he could no longer move without difficulty, when an inveterate ulcer removed the Incumbrance from the World.*

IN

* By a Statute of the 35th. of Henry VIII. it is enacted, "That the Bible shall not be read in any Church;" and the prohibitory Document particularizes, with whimsical asperity, "That no Women, or Artificers, Apprentices, Journeymen, Serving-Men, Husbandmen, or Labourers, shall read the New Testament in English." But—a hundred years before, an interdict had been fulminated by Henry

IN the year 1559, John Knox, a disciple of Calvin, returned to Scotland from Geneva, and soon established Presbyterianism, upon the ruins of Prelacy.

THE Reformation had not been long confirmed in Britain, when the Belgic Provinces, united together by a respectable Confederacy, withdrew from their spiritual allegiance to the Roman Pontiff. Their catholic Sovereign, Philip II. attempted to establish the hateful Tribunal of the Inquisition, to check their innovating spirit; but the Nobility associating to defend themselves from such tyranny, the Duke of Alva was sent to quell

Henry V—the Conqueror of Agincourt! “That whoever they were
 “that should read the Scriptures in the Mother Tongue, they should
 “forfeit lande, catel, lif, and godes from theyr heyres for ever, and so
 “be condemned [to the flames] for heretykes to God, enemies to
 “the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande.”

quell the Revolters, and a long and bloody contest ensued between Spain and Holland, which was at length happily terminated by William of Nassau, aided by the assistance of Queen Elizabeth, who then swayed the sceptre of Britain. Even in Italy and Spain, reformed doctrines were now disseminated; but in those bigotted Countries the solitary Reformers were rapidly extirpated by fire and sword.

IN England, during the short reign of Edward VI. the Son and Successor of Henry, the Reformation made a rapid progress, under the fostering influence of Archbishop Cranmer, and the Protector Somerset; although (I mention it with grief) the Protestant Prelate that had testified a good profession, and who

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afterward sealed it with his blood, unfeelingly persecuted to the stake the German Anabaptists, who fled into England from the devastation of *the Rustic War*.

DURING this interval of tranquillity began the first schism in the Church of England, which eventually gave rise to the denomination of Puritans, an epithet of reproach that was applied to those Persons of tender conscience, who, with Hooper, a pious and learned Divine, then lately returned from Zurich refused to officiate at the ancient Altars, to make the sign of the cross, or to invest themselves with the symbolic garments of the Papistical Priesthood. Hooper permitted his scruples to melt away, in the sun-shine of Royal favour, and com-
promised

promised with conformity by suffering himself to be consecrated bishop of Gloucester, in a square cap, a scarlet hood, and a linen rochet, provided he might be suffered to preach; in private, in the sober habit of a Christian Minister. But the more Zealous Reformers, such as Latimer, and Coverdale, Taylor, Philpot, and Bradford, would not be persuaded to put on the Popish vestments; and when in the next reign the venerable Cranmer was himself degraded from his episcopal dignity, he cast a smile of contempt upon the Antichristian ornaments, of which he was spitefully disrobed. The dispute (significant or insignificant) was blown away for the present by a rising blast, that involved the Disputants in one common danger.

KING

KING EDWARD dying, at the age of sixteen years, he was succeeded by his eldest Sister, the daughter of Catharine of Arragon, emphatically styled the bloody Mary, because, in a reign of no more than five years, she caused to be burned at the stake two hundred and seventy-seven Persons, among whom were fifty-five Women, and four Children; in a vain attempt to restore the Realm of England to the supremacy of the Papal Sec.

In the year 1558, the fiery Zealot was succeeded by Queen Elizabeth, in whose long and prosperous reign the Church of England was too firmly established to be shaken by the secret or open catholicism of her Successors of the House of Stuart; though a Protestant Historian must notice

tice with regret, that Elizabeth, instead of prosecuting the Reformation, after the example, and intentions, of her Royal Brother, conceived that the pious Edward had already gone too far, in stripping Religion of her ornaments; being herself disposed to retain the use of crucifixes, lighted tapers, and instrumental music, as well as the Sacerdotal vestments, which contribute to the pomp and splendour with which that aspiring Princess delighted to invest the throne—It is even suggested that the *Virgin Queen* would have forbidden the marriage of the Clergy, if her Secretary Cecil had not interposed in their behalf.

THE Zealous Professors who had escaped from the Marian Persecution, by withdrawing

withdrawing into Foreign Countries; and who now returned in great numbers from Frankfort, Strasburg, Basil, Zurich, and Geneva, were naturally offended by the *retrograde* motions of the National Establishment (which have since converted Episcopal Jurisdiction into Political Influence) and after ineffectual attempts to promote the Reformation in the bosom of the Church, they finally separated themselves from her communion, for the liberty of discharging their Christian duty, according to their own ideas of Gospel order and religious obligation.

The Dissenting Congregations now suffered persecution from the National Church, which had succeeded to the power and wealth of the abrogated system.

tem. But it must not be forgotten that oppression and cruelty were the vices of the Age. Clerical Synods were not likely to shake off intolerance, whilst Courts of Justice at Paris as well as at London, accredited prosecutions for sorcery and witchcraft; and if the Theologians of Edinburgh and Geneva groped their way among the mazes of Election and Reprobation, contemporary Astrologers prognosticated events from the aspect of the heavens, and Alchemists perceived, in the combination of metals, the Phantom of the Philosopher's Stone.

Among the Dissenters of Great Britain, *successively* arose the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the Quakers (scornfully so called in England, though better known in America by the characteristic

istic epithet of Friends) -each of whom endeavoured, *in turn*, to advance upon their Predecessors, in reducing the Christian Discipline and Worship to the perfect standard of Primitive Simplicity.

IN a New World, on the Western side of the Atlantic, the Antichristian Alliance between Church and State has been at length abolished. The Elective Government of the United States, unfettered by the shackles of prescription, disclaims all right of interference in matters of conscience. From New Hampshire to Georgia the various Professors of Christianity (whether Catholic or Protestant) have relinquished exclusive pretensions for mutual forbearance; and their various modifications, like the flowers of a parterre, contribute

contribute to the embellishment of *the Garden of the Lord*.

For the unexpected length of these historical Sketches of the Corruption of Christianity, and the Rise and Progress of the Reformation, I shall make no apology; for the Events of Christian History, since the days of the Apostles, are too little known in America; and they can hardly fail to excite the curiosity, if not the sensibility, of every Professor of the Christian Faith.

I have drawn the *earlier* Facts from Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History; and the *latter* from Neale's History of the Puritans. But it was not to be expected that

that a *Youthful Layman* should take up the spectacles of a *Lutheran Professor*; or a *Puritan Divine*; and it will be easily perceived that I have contemplated them through a different medium, and placed them in another point of light.

I have compared my leading authorities with the histories of the Reformation, the writings of the Fathers, and the inspired productions of the Prophets and Evangelists; and I can scarcely refrain from closing the eventful Narrative with the singular coincidences of prophetic anticipation with historical fact.

[“ In the days of *which Kings*,” said Daniel, interpreting the dream that troubled the spirit of the King of Babylon, “ shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom,
“ dom,


“dom, that shall never be destroyed.”
 —“ I saw,” said John, “ a Woman ar-
 “ rayed in purple and scarlet colour, and
 “ decked with pearls and precious stones,
 “ having in her hand a golden cup, and
 “ upon her forehead names of blasphem-
 “ y, and sitting upon seven mountains,
 “ in *that City which reigneth over the*
 “ *Kings of the Earth.*”]

But I forbear the invidious application
 since the Book of Prophecy has been
 sealed as *with seven seals*, from the pry-
 ing researches of profane Curiosity; and
 I shall conclude with a remark which
 must be obvious to every Reader, that
 the long duration of the Papal Hierarchy,
 so clearly predicted, and so accurately
 described, in the Gospels, the Epistles,
 and the Revelations, is a proof of the
 Divine

Divine authority of *the New Testament*, no less irrefragable than the existence of the Jews is of that of *the Old*, "sifted," as the Prophet Amos had foreshewn, "among all Nations, as corn is sifted in "a sieve."

The chronology of both these miraculous circumstances in the History of Mankind, however they have been enveloped in the mantle of Time, may yet be corroborated at Rome, by existing Monuments of *coeval* antiquity. The Bas-Reliefs of the Arch of Titus (*the Prince that was to destroy the City and the Sanctuary*) have preserved the figure of the well known vessels of the Jewish Temple, ever since the destruction of the Holy City; and the rude Mosaics of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, demonstrate

monstrate the Corruption of Christianity, at an age so remote from that of the Protestant Professions, as to give ample scope for the *twelve hundred and sixty years* of intermediate Desolation, foreseen alike by Daniel the Prophet, and John the Divine.



LETTER XXI.

The Degradation of the Papacy, in the person of Pius the Sixth.

AFTER ruling with a rod of iron, during a period of a thousand years—if we reckon from the Donation of Charlemagne—of twelve hundred, if, from the privileges granted by Phocas—of fifteen, if we ascend to the conversion of Constantine, the Papal Chair has been swept from the Vatican, by an irruption of Modern Goths; and if, since the deposition, and decease, of Pius the Sixth (whose portrait occupied the last vacancy

vacancy in the Papal Gallery, that surmounts the Colonnades of St. Paul's, with the heads of two hundred and sixty Successors of St. Peter) another Pius has been allowed to reassume the name and honours of the Papacy, the feeble Representative of the ancient Popes is now content to hold his doubtful elevation, during the pleasure of a Foreign Dictator, at the expense of the dismemberment of the Ecclesiastical state; which has left to the titular Pope little more of power, or revenue, than falls to the share of the Princely Bishops of Saltzburg or Mayence. The unfortunate Braschi may be considered as the last of the long-drawn Dynasty that inherited *the temporal*, as well as the spiritual Crown, so absurdly derived

rived from the Fisherman of Galilee; and the eventful Life of Pius the Sixth may be read with additional interest, as that of the last *Imperial* Pontiff of the See of Rome.

ON the demise of Clement XIII. Francesco Lorenzo Ganganelli had, in 1769, been elected to the Papal Chair, through the influence of the two Courts of Madrid and Versailles. The House of Bourbon had lately expelled the Jesuits from their dominions, and the abolition of the proscribed Fraternity had been made a condition of the election of Clement the Fourteenth. In 1773 the new Pope accordingly subscribed with a trembling hand, the famous Bull which pronounced the extinction of the Brotherhood.

Clement

Clement hesitated to the last, and finally put his name to the fatal instrument, with these memorable words, the keenest reproach that has ever been uttered against the pretended Companions of Jesus: "I know that I am about to sign my own death-warrant—But it does not signify—The die is cast." The philosophic Ganganelli was accordingly removed by poison before the end of another year.

AFTER the usual intrigues of *the Sacred College*, which perplexed the assembled Fathers from September 1774 till February 1775, Clement XIV. was succeeded by John Angelo Braschi, who was born at Cesena, in the year 1717. Upon the new Pope's assuming the appellation of Pius the Sixth; the omen

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was thought unfavourable; and the People of Rome recollected, with superstitious apprehensions, a Latin pentameter, that had been applied in the disastrous days of the Sixth Alexander:

*Semper sub Sextis perditæ Roma fuit.**

Pius the Sixth was excessively vain. To the two winds the modest coat of arms of his ancestors, he added an Eagle, *fleurs de lis*, and stars. These splendid insignia were afterward ostentatiously affixed not only to all the monuments which he erected himself, but to all others that he either altered or repaired. A circumstance of puerile gratification which must have cost the Ecclesiastical State some hundred thousands
of

* The Sixes are finisier at Rome.

of crowns. The People revenged themselves upon their Sovereign in a Latin distich :

*Redde aquilam Imperio, Francorum lilia regi,
Sidera redde polo ; cetera, Braschi, tua.†*

Pius had once been Abbot of Subiaco, which was a sufficient reason for decorating that Monastery with a Palace, a Church, and a Library, of princely magnificence. At the expense of sixteen hundred thousand crowns, he afterward constructed the Sacristy of St. Peter's ; that nothing might be wanting to the splendour of the Clerical functions, in the Cathedral of the Roman World. He enriched the Museum of the Vatican with innumerable objects of art. He called

† Yield the eagle to the Empire, the lilies to the Crown,
The stars to the firmament—the Puffs are all thy own.

ed the enlarged Collection by his own name; and upon every piece of sculpture which he had acquired, himself, he ordered these words to be engraven, in letters of gold:

MUNIFICENTIA PII SEXTI.

But the munificence of the Prince impoverished the People, and they parodied, with infamy, the favourite inscription :* His long pontificate was itself a grievance, which neither the Members of *the Sacred College*, nor the People of Rome, could forgive—These had long waited for the chances of another election; and those

* The bread of Rome is made up in little rolls, called *pagnotti*, which are sold at a fixed rate, and made larger, or less, according to the price of flour. During a time of scarcity, a very little *pagnotta* was put into the hand of Pasquin, and under it appeared the well-known inscription;

those were impatient for the amusing ceremonies of a Papal Funeral, and a Pontifical Ordination, that had scarcely ever before been so enhanced by rarity.

OF all the enterprises of Pius the Sixth the most useful was the attempt to drain the Pontine Marshes, though the expenses incurred by it exhausted the Papal Treasury, and provoked the impatience of the People of Rome. The *Via Appia*, a Road so called from having been constructed by Appius Claudius, the Censor, three centuries before the Christian Æra, led directly across these marshes; whose exhalation is supplied by two rivers, that bear to this day the identical names which were given them by the Ancient Romans. A hundred and fifty years after the construction of
this

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this road, Cornelius Cethegus, the consul, undertook to drain the marshes ; but attempted it in vain : Augustus succeeded, a hundred years later, by cutting along the Appian Way a Canal, sufficiently deep and wide for the purposes of inland navigation. It was upon this Canal that the poet Horace embarked, when he went to Brundisium, on the journey which he has so humorously described in the V. Satire of his first Book. But Time and Nature had long since resumed their rights when Boniface VIII. Martin V. Leo X. and Sixtus V. renewed the labours of Antiquity ; and the names of *Rio Martino*, and *Fiume Sisto*, still direct the eye of Observation to the particular operations of the respective Pontiffs. The supine Successors of these enterprising Prelates,

lates, suffered their works to go to ruin; and when Pius the Sixth succeeded to the Papal Chair, the Pontine Marshes had again become totally impassable. Pius began his operations by clearing away the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, which discovered again the original pavement of the Appian Way, marked with the narrow traces of the Ancient cars. He then raised the surface several feet higher.—called it the *Via Pia*—planned a City in the midst of the marshes, and dug a broad canal, from the Causeway to the Mediterranean, to drain the unwholesome bog of its superfluous moisture.—But the surface of the marsh was now discovered to be lower than the surface of the Sea; repeated inundations overwhelmed the unfinished Works; after the labour of twelve years
the

the Pontine Marshes still remained a pestilential morass; and the expensive and successful undertaking became a proverb for money thrown away, *Sono andate alle paludi Pontini*.* The Works had been undertaken and paid for by the Apostolic Chamber (such is the singular style of the Papal Exchequer) and the immense sums appropriated to them were as usual abandoned without restriction to Clerical rapacity and Official embezzlement.

IN the superannuated Court of Rome the place of the Favourites and Mistresses of other Sovereigns was generally filled by the Nephews of the Popes, a serious evil to the Ecclesiastical State, since

* He is gone to the Pontine Marshes.

since Temporal Despots can dismiss their minions at pleasure, whilst Family Pride insures the constancy of Papal favouritism. In former Ages the Pope's Nephews had it in their power to enrich themselves, at leisure, by means of the *pious* tribute which then flowed from every part of Europe into the treasury of their doting Uncle. But since that source has gradually dried away, it has been only by oppressing their immediate Subjects that the Popes have been able to indulge the extravagance of Nepotism. Unfortunately for himself, and his Flock, Pius VI. had a Sister, whose two Sons bore their Father's name [Onesti] till assuming that of the exalted Successor of *the humble Fisherman of the lake of Genesaret*, he raised one of them to the purple, and the other to a Dukedom. The

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Duke was afterward married (so skillful are the childless Popes in creating Papal Families) to the Daughter of that Signora Falconieri, who was said to have been his Uncle's Mistress, in the days of his noviciate.

BUT none of the imprudences of Pius VI. had a more immediate tendency to degrade the Papacy than his Journey to Vienna, in 1782, upon the hopeless errand to dissuade the Emperor Joseph from prosecuting his philosophic reforms. Yet was the Sovereign Pontiff weak enough to be flattered by the adulation of the People, and deceived by the courtesy of the Prince. On the road, the pious Braschi, paid his devotions to *our Lady of Loretto*—embraced his own Family, at Cesena—and received, with his accustomed

accustomed dignity, the compliments of Count Zambeccari on behalf of his Catholic Master, Charles the Third. At Imola a similar Deputation saluted *his Holiness*, from the King of Sardinia; but the devout Duke of Parma attended in person—embraced *the sacred slipper*, and returned in peace. The universal eagerness to behold *the Head of the Church* now bordered upon phrenzy: On the banks of the Po, the Venetian Bucentoro, and a Multitude of *the Faithful*, impatiently awaited *the successor of St. Peter*. Acclaiming Crowds conducted him in triumph to the Island of Chiozza; where in sight of the glittering turrets of the Queen of the Seas, *the Holy Father* was complimented by a Deputation from the Doge (a Prisoner of State, who can never quit Venice without forfeiting his

his dignity) attended by such a press of barques and gondolas that it was scarcely possible to advance. He disembarked at Malgara, upon a Turkey carpet; and was received at Mestre by all the Nobility of the environs, assembled to crave a blessing as he passed. On entering Austria, the pious Germans flocked around *the ghostly Father* with a mixture of curiosity and veneration, scarcely to be satisfied without—*touching the hem of his garment*. Joseph himself, and his Brother Maximilian, came out to meet the Pontiff, on his approach to the Capital of the Empire. The Emperor seated the Pope in his own carriage; and the *affectionate Pair* entered Vienna together, amidst united acclamations of loyalty and devotion. A month or two passed away in the empty reciprocation of homage

mage

mage and etiquette ; and magnificent presents were mutually given and received, by the temporal Pageants of *the Holy Roman Empire* : Yet Pius gained nothing by his expensive parade but the suspension of an oath of allegiance that had been required of the Clergy, and the privilege of prescribing some Monastic regulations. The Pontiff returned through Munich and Augsburg, where he obtained without difficulty, from the precise Professors of the Lutheran Confession, that homage, as Sovereign, which they would have deemed it impious to allow him as Pope. When the equivocal Potentate re-entered Italy, the lucid surface of the Adige reflected the illumination of the Palaces on its banks ; and Venice had deferred, for his entertainment, the annual ceremony, equally
pompous

pompous and absurd, of espousing the Adriatic, with a ring and a scourge. But the pride of the Imperial Pontiff was more nobly gratified when he waved *the Apostolic benediction* over Thousands of *the Faithful*, who prostrated themselves at his feet in the Amphitheatre of Verona, one of the noblest Monuments of Antiquity, that has survived the ravages of Time.

THE returning Sovereign was received at Rome, with the ringing of bells and firing of cannon; but those uncertain indications of public rejoicing were not sufficient to drown the complaints of his Subjects, who were then suffering under a scarcity of provisions, occasioned by the profusion and mismanagement of their Ecclesiastical Governors. The
shores

shores of the Adriatic produced, almost spontaneously, corn, wine, and oil, the peculiar productions of the Land of Promise: but on the coasts of the Mediterranean not a twentieth part of the soil was in a state of cultivation. The Government bought up the crops at its own price, forbidding the exportation of corn, by an edict equally impolitic and unjust, for occasional permissions were granted without reserve to enrich particular Favourites; whilst the articles of Wool and Silk were chiefly sent abroad, instead of furnishing employ and emolument, by being manufactured at home. Cattle brought to market were rated at a low price, and Oil was exclusively monopolized by the Pope's Nephews. Every thing in short that was produced by the bounty of Nature, in the Ecclesiastical State,

State, was brought for sale to Rome; and there the price of it was fixed by the Department of *La Grascia*, by which it was afterward retailed to the People, at advanced rates. At the head of the Department of Subsistence was a Præfect, who was particularly charged with the victualling of Rome; but the result of the means pursued to furnish the People of Rome with provisions was a scarcity of meat, bread, and oil; and the several Establishments charged with the management of these enervating monopolies were directed with so little address, that the result did not enrich the State while it impoverished the Subject. The ordinary revenues of the Ecclesiastical State were estimated at two millions and a half of Roman Crowns [little differing in value from
the

the Mexican Dollar, current in the United States] of which the territorial Income might alone have been made to produce eight hundred thousand; but it scarcely yielded four hundred and fifty — Inattention and Rapacity swallowed up the rest.

THE supine Administration was no less destitute of energy for the protection of property and the repression of crimes, than of Intelligence for the encouragement of Industry and the management of Finance. During the eleven years of Clement XIII. ten thousand murders were committed in the Ecclesiastical State, four thousand of which had been perpetrated in the Capital; for it was there one of the prerogatives of Greatness to be surrounded with unpunished

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Assassins. Yet amidst all this relaxation the Jews of Rome, to the number of twelve thousand, were obliged to wear upon their heads a badge of infamy. They were forbidden, under penalty of the gallies, to approach the *sacred* Convent of the Annunciation; and they were bound, on pain of death, to be within *the Ghetto*, or Jewish Quarter, a scanty precinct little better than the confinement of a dungeon, an hour after sunset. In a more barbarous Age, the unfortunate Posterity of Abraham had been obliged to run foot-races, during *the Carnival*, for the diversion of the Christian Populace; and they were still required, to the number of three hundred at a time, to attend a lecture every Sabbath Day, in which a Dominican Friar exhorted them in maledictions, and
waxed

wooed them to the bosom of the Church, with threats of hell and damnation.

JOSEPH the Second was not now the only refractory Son of the Church. Attempts had been made by the Most Christian, and Most Catholic, Kings to abridge the privileges of the Papacy; and even the Most Faithful Dynasty of Portugal began to conceive ideas of Ecclesiastical Reform, which were only postponed by the premature decease of the Prince of Brazil, the Heir-Apparent of the Realm. The interests of the Papal See were no longer supported in the Courts of Princes by the intrigues of the Jesuits; and the progress of Philosophy, having confuted the errors of prejudice, was proceeding to implicate the antiquated claims of prescription. Slumbering
at

at ease, in the arms of indulgence, the Superior Clergy scarcely thought it necessary to affect the semblances of zeal; immorality was known to prevail, in secret, under the mask of devotion, and even the Dignitaries of the Church no longer forbore to ridicule in private, the mummeries their stations obliged them to perform in public with *apparent* solemnity. Under all these circumstances of *evil omen*, the Apostolic Chamber became overburdened with debt; the payment of which it had not, like Britain, the ability to defer, till *the great Day of Account* shall wipe off every score.

So long ago as the year 1585, Sixtus the Fifth had borrowed ten millions of crowns, one-half of which he had laid up in the Castle of St. Angelo, as a
reserve

reserve for critical emergencies. The public debt had increased under each of his Successors, excepting the temperate Ganganelli. In the days of Pius VI. the annual expenditure exceeded the receipts by some hundred thousands of crowns. To provide for the excess the imprudent Pontiff had recourse to the dangerous expedient of an emission of paper money, by whose immediate depreciation the fainting efforts of the Papal Government were completely paralysed, long before the unparalleled Revolution in France, after suddenly overturning the most ancient and powerful Throne in Europe, had begun to threaten the existence of surrounding Dynasties. The Sovereign Pontiff, and the Devotees of Rome, had not been unmindful of a Civil broil so peculiarly inimical

Basseville, the Agent of the Directory, drove publicly along the Corso, with the tricolored cockade in his hat, the Populace, stung with the sight of the insurrectionary symbol, assailed the carriage, with sticks and stones; and the imprudent Offender fell an easy prey to their ungovernable fury. At the beginning of 1795 various circumstances had concurred to irritate the Populace of Rome. During the three preceding years the Pope had thought proper to prohibit the customary diversions of the *Carnival*, in consideration of the calamities, or of the dangers, of the Church. Impatient of the ungracious restraint, upon the approach of Lent this year, the *Transteverini* ran about the Streets in masks. The Patroles attempted to suppress these whimsical sallies of Vulgar merriment.

merriment. They were repelled with knives and stilettoes; and the Papal Satellites disappeared, with expedition, before rattling volleys of dirt and stones. The Populace, on finding themselves Masters of the Field, attacked the *defenceless* Palazzo Borghese; but suffered their *military ardor* to be dissipated by a few handfuls of gold and silver, opportunely distributed from the windows. That of Duke Braschi, still unfinished after ten years labour, and an expenditure of millions, sustained a more serious assault; and those of Chigi, and Piombino, were saved from pillage, by repelling the ephemeral Assailants. The Government did not attempt to interpose till the storm began to subside, when the Pope, peeping out of his covert, ventured to echo a retiring peal, by fulminating

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an anathema upon the guilty head that should presume again to resist the authority of a *Sbirro*.

THE victorious Buonaparte was by this time master of Lombardy, and threatened with immediate incursion all Italy, and especially the Ecclesiastical State. Bologna, Ferrara, and even Ancona, were already in the hands of the French: when the Chevalier Azara, then Minister of Spain at the Papal Court (from whose anonymous Account of the Roman Revolution, I have deduced my own) was dispatched to meet the Conqueror with unlimited offers of concession. To conciliate the result of the supplicatory intervention, the Priests crowded about the shrines of the Saints; threw open the Treasures of Spiritual liberality;

lity; and proclaimed a Penitentiary Procession, in which Ladies of the first rank walked, barefoot, with dishevelled hair, from Santa Maria in Vallicella, to the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul. Madonnas now opened and shut their eyes—near them withered flowers recovered their bloom—dry branches resumed their verdure; and forty thousand years of indulgence were promised to be the portion of whosoever should assist in repelling the Sacrilegious Invaders. Notwithstanding these auspicious appearances, the principal Families were seen to withdraw from the devoted City, the Cardinals were preparing to follow them; and the Populace stood mute with consternation, when a Courier arrived from Bologna, with the welcome intelligence of an armistice, procured with difficulty,
by

by the sacrifice of the Legantine Provinces of Bologna and Ferrara, the finest Paintings, the most beautiful Statues, of the Museum Pium Clementinum; and a Contribution in money of fifteen millions. Public prayers, thanksgivings, and proclamations announced, at once, the deliverance, and the necessities of the State. The Contribution must be raised without delay. The obsolete deposit of Sixtus V. was now broken up. The Clergy were required to deliver all the Vessels of gold and silver that they could possibly dispense with; and the Laity were invited to send into the Treasury all their superfluous Plate. On this occasion, Prince Doria Pamfili, sent in a donation that was valued at half a million.

BUT when intelligence was received, at Rome, that Buonaparte had been obliged

liged to raise the siege of Mantua, the Pope precipitately dispatched a Legate to resume possession of Ferrara. French Citizens were again insulted in the streets of Rome; and the superannuated Zelada, unable to brook any longer the irregularities he found it impossible to restrain, resigned his office to Cardinal Busca, who was destined to accelerate rather than to retard the ruin of the Papacy.

A NEW Consistory was now summoned to examine the conditions of peace, propounded by the French Directory, and rejected them as inadmissible. Preparations were made for war, which heightened the discontent of the People. The coin was depreciated by increasing its nominal value one-fourth. The remaining

Plate

Plate was called for. The Farmers were obliged to sell their corn at a reduced price, and take *cedole* at par, though the depreciated medium was subject to a discount of 50 per cent. A Civic Guard was organized, of which the Senator Rezzonico was nominated Generalissimo; and the Princes Aldobrandini, Gabrielli, and Giustiniani, accepted, in the Militia, the rank of Colonels; while the Constable, Colonna, equipped, at his own expense, a Regiment of Infantry, and the Banker, Torlonia, a Troop of Horse. On the 6th. of January, 1797, were consecrated in St. Peter's Church, the colours of the several Corps that were now ready to take the field. They were embroidered with a cross, in imitation of the *Labarum* of Constantine; and the *sacred* Talisman was accompanied with the well-known inscription,

inscription, *In hoc signo vinces*. "Go!" cried the fanatical Monks, who were commissioned to pronounce the Papal benediction, "Imitate your Ancestors and conquer the Universe."

THE year 1796 terminated with the rapid successes of the Invader of Italy. Early in 1797, from his head-quarters at Bologna, the imperious Republican declared that the Armistice was broken, by the Pope's neglecting to answer the pacific overtures that had been made to him from Milan. Buonaparte accordingly invaded the Ecclesiastical State. He possessed himself without resistance of La Romagna, the Duchy of Urbino, and the Marquisate of Ancona; paid a visit of depredation to our Lady of Loretto; and wrote to Cardinal Mattei,

Mattei, whom he personally knew, that he would tarry five days at Foligno, to give his Master an opportunity to deprecate the vengeance of the Republic. His Eminence was commissioned to repair to the Victor, without delay; and returned with new conditions of political penance. The Pope was now to pay the Republic thirty-one millions, to furnish the Army with sixteen hundred Horses, to leave Romagna free, and to receive a French Garrison at Ancona. Whilst this humiliating negotiation pend-
ed, in uncertainty, all was in confusion at Rome. The *ghostly* Sovereign himself was preparing to retire to Naples, and leave his People to their fate.—

THE portentous interval of 1797 was thus wasting away, in torpid irresolution,
when

when Joseph Buonaparte, Brother to the General, arrived from Paris, as Minister Plenipotentiary from the *redoubtable* Republic. The first days of the Minister's reception had been spent in pompous entertainments, and idle altercations; when a Popular Commotion took place in the streets, and the Insurgents took shelter in the Palace of the Ambassador, the Palazzo Corsini, in the Suburb of Trans-tevere.

It was on the 28th. of December, one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven, a few days after the preceding event, that the Papal Troops, no longer able to restrain their fury, at the sight of the Insurgents, braving them, with impunity, in the Palace of the Republic, forcibly violated the privileged asylum,

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to arrest the Disturbers of the Public Peace. The honour of the French Ambassador would not permit him to remain a quiet spectator of such an event, whether his principles were implicated in it or not. He appeared at a balcony; but strove in vain to be heard; while General Duphot, in attempting to repel the Rioters, fell a victim to their rage. The Pope was indisposed. The Cardinal Secretary was wholly unacquainted with what had happened; and, such was the supineness of Clerical administration, that it was two hours after the sinister event, before any public notice was taken of the affair; fourteen, had expired, before official inquiry was made upon the spot. During that interval the stupor of the Cardinal Secretary had been awakened by a letter from the Ambassador, to
acquaint

acquaint him with his determination to quit immediately, the inhospitable city; and to demand of him the necessary passports. The Brother of Buonaparte was at length, in vain, solicited to remain at Rome: he departed the next morning for Florence, from whence he transmitted to the Directory, an irritating narrative, of the *unpardonable* event. The enraged Ambassador condescended however to charge himself with a dispatch for the Marquis Massimi, the Pope's Minister at Paris (of a family that claims descent from the Fabii Maximi of Antiquity) in which Cardinal Doria, the Minister who steered with feeble hands the Barque of St. Peter, when the shattered hull was ingulphed by the Revolutionary whirlpool, declared himself, *with the meekness of a Primitive Apostle*,
desirous

desirous to make any satisfaction that should be demanded for the unfortunate affair which he could neither have foreseen nor prevented.

BUT no reparation from the Weak could appease the resentment of the Strong—The Fable of the Wolf and the Lamb was to be realized; and the plea of *incapacity* was disallowed by the thirst of rapine. The armies of the Republic in the Cisalpine did not wait for orders to take exemplary vengeance upon the *helplessness* of Rome. They marched, without delay, for the banks of the Tyber; and General Berthier had already taken the command of the forces, collected at Ancona, on the 25th. of January. Only retarded by the snows of the Appenine, the General of the Republic

public advanced without resistance, to the very gates of Rome, preceded by a Manifesto, in the usual style of military policy, offering peace to one Party, on condition of *assisting to exterminate the other.*

EMBOLDENED by these assurances, on the 15th. of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight, the Malcontents assembled in the *Campo Vaccino* (the Forum that had teemed with Scipios and Cæsars) proclaimed Rome independent of its Clerical Sovereign; and planted, without opposition, the tree of liberty, in the soil of the Capitol. At noon, a Deputation of Patriots was sent to General Berthier, to acquaint his Excellency with the Revolution they had so easily effected; and the same evening—

ing—preceded by Martial music, surrounded by Staff Officers, and followed by a Troop of Horse, the Republican Commander traversed, amidst an innumerable Multitude, the Piazza del Popolo; and, by the Strada del Corso, ascended the hill of the Capitol; where he apostrophised the Manes of the Catos, the Brutus's, and the Pompeys; promised to re-edify the altar of Roman freedom; and returned in triumph to his expecting Troops.

IN the mean time the astonished Members of the Sacred College, assembled, in silence, and solitude, in the echoing Vestibules and aery Halls, which they had been accustomed to ascend, amidst opening Crowds—obsequious to the rustle of imperial robes. In this part-
ing

ing interview, in which Pius bade farewell—a *long farewell, to all his greatness*, he is said to have retained the majesty of misfortune ; whilst the adulatory Brotherhood knelt once more before the Throne of their aspiration, saluted each other with the kiss of peace, and withdrew to seek their safety in concealment, or in flight.

A PROVISIONAL government was soon established, which subsisted, under different modifications, till the Triumphant Directory thought proper to abandon their conquest. The remaining Cardinals were obliged to quit Rome, and leave their effects behind them, at the mercy of the Conquerors. Some of the despairing Fathers withdrew

drew to Naples, Others to Milan, Bologna, Florence; but the greatest number of them took refuge in the Venetian Territories, where Chiaramonti was elected, on the decease of Pius VI. to re-occupy the abdicated Chair. The Pope's Nephews, the Cardinal, and the Duke, were stripped of their ill-gotten wealth without mercy, or commiseration; and the Pontiff himself was soon informed, that the Public safety required his absence from the Territories of the New Republic.

Pius is said to have submitted, without a murmur, to the decree that exiled him from the theatre of pomp and power, of intrigue and apprehension: but he shed tears, in secret, over the splendid

did Museum which it had been the pride of his heart to *denominate* and enrich.

THE venerable Prelate was first conducted to Sienna, where he was lodged in the Convent of St. Barbara; but he was soon afterward removed to Florence, that he might be under the eye of the Minister of the French Republic. The tottering Grand Duke saluted the fallen Pontiff with tears of sympathetic apprehension; and assigned for the residence of *the Holy Father*, a Carthusian Monastery, in the vicinity of the Capital.

IN this situation the exiled Sovereign is said to have still indulged his peculiar

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liar relish for a luxurious table ; and even the *gusto* of his personal vanity, which could yet be gratified by sitting to a Painter, for a flattering portrait of his florid age.

BUT when the aged Priest was afterward summoned to Paris, to swell the triumph of the Antichristian Directory, over the Religious Establishments of Antiquity ; and was happily detained by their sudden downfall, in the city of Valence, whose crumbling battlements reminded him of his own decay, the mortified Prelate renounced all hope of restoration to the Seat of Spiritual Empire ; and contented himself, in the society of the Archbishop of Corinth, and a few devoted Attendants, who daily wheeled his armed chair into an open
Balcony—

Balcony—to receive the homage of *the Faithful*, and scatter a parting benediction over his dispersed Flock.

LETTER XXII.

*Journey to Naples.**Naples, January 15th, 1802.*

WE quitted Rome about sun-rise, in the Caravan of the Procache, a line of Stage Coaches that runs between Rome and Naples, under the protection of both Governments, and is therefore often preferred to a private Carriage, for fear of Robbers, with whom the Frontiers of the Ecclesiastical State and the Kingdom of Naples are openly infested. We formed a train of six clumsy Coaches and a Baggage-Waggon, and

twelve hundred and sixty Prophetic days,^c
since with the acquisition of Ferrara,
in the time of Clement VIII. the State
of the Church was computed to extend
two hundred miles, or *a thousand and
six hundred furlongs, the length of the
space which St. John saw without the
city.*[†]

THE long duration of the Papal
Hierarchy, thus clearly predicted, and
thus accurately described, in the Gos-
pels, the Epistles, and the Revelations
of the Holy Scriptures, is a collateral
proof of the Divine authority of the *New*
Testament, no less irrefragable than the
existence of the Jews is of that of *the*
Old “sifted,” said the Prophet Amos,
“among all Nations, as corn is sifted
in

† Revelations, XIV. 20.

in a sieve."—The chronology of both these miraculous circumstances in the History of Mankind, however they have been enveloped in the mantle of Time, may yet be corroborated, at Rome, by existing Monuments of *coeval* antiquity. The Bas-Reliefs of the Arch of Titus (*the Prince that was to destroy the City and the Sanctuary**) have preserved the figure of the well-known vessels of the Jewish Temple, ever since the destruction of the Holy City; and the rude Mosaics of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore demonstrate the Corruption of Christianity at an age so remote from that of the Protestant Establishments, as to give ample scope for the mysterious oscillation of the twelve hundred and sixty years of intermediate

* Daniel IX. 26.

termediate desolation, foreseen alike by Daniel the Prophet, and John the Divine. After the accomplishment of which *the Kings of the Earth should themselves make desolate, the Woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, that had so long deceived them, with the cup of her abominations.*

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and several private Carriages fell into our rear to take the benefit of protection from the Military Escort which is mutually exchanged upon the Frontiers.

In the charge for this lingering Conveyance is included lodging and supper, while on the road, which prevents imposition and spares you the trouble of shifting for yourselves—a material accommodation to Travellers not acquainted with the language and usages of the Country.

We drove over the deserted Plains of the Campania, by the ruins of Temples and Aqueducts, to the slopes of Frascati, gayly ornamented with the

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Summer Retreats of Princes and Cardinals.

On the Road was no throng of business, bespeaking the neighbourhood of a Capital—no Carts or Waggon's were to be seen loaded with Bales of Merchandise, or Sacks of Grain—A Peasant driving an Ass, with a pannier of herbage, was the only modern Object upon the everlasting Pavement of the Appian Way, leading the solitary Traveller by the Monuments of Ascanius and the Horatii.

Not far from these is the Lake of Albano—supposed the Crater of an extinct Volcano, seven or eight miles in circumference, the Outlet of which called the Emissario—a Funnel cut through

a Mountain, one of the most stupendous Works of the ancient Romans, is said to have been completed during the Siege of Veii, at the instigation of the Delphic Oracle. It is three feet and a half wide, six high, and two miles long; and it still answers the purpose for which it was constructed, four hundred years before the Christian Æra.

We did not reach Veletri till some time after night, and were then meanly entertained, it being a meagre day (a circumstance of which Italian Innkeepers always avail themselves) and still worse lodged, though in a large Town, but twenty miles from Rome—celebrated for the birth of Augustus, and the residence of Nerva.

Next

Next morning we entered on the Pontine Marshes, the draining of which had baffled the Consuls, and the Emperors; of the labours of one of whom, Nerva, we saw a proof in a Roman Mile-stone, which has been set up again, on the new Road. It is inscribed with the same numerical letters now in use. I think they were three X's and a V, to mark the thirty-fifth mile from the city of Rome. "Egressum," says Horace describing the same Road,

*Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma
Hospitio modico.**—————

The Traveller's fare is still moderate on this journey; and he that sleeps
upon

* "Leaving Imperial Rome, my course I steer
"To poor Aricia, and its moderate cheer."

upon the road may yet exclaim, with
the Poet,

Mali culices, ranæque palustres
Avertunt somnos.†

Toward evening we reached Terracina,—where, in ancient days, on the white rocks of Anxur, there stood a Temple, erected by the Consul Posthumius, upon a design of Vitruvius Pollio, and dedicated to Jupiter. Its lofty Pediment was long an object for the vows of distressed Mariners, upon the Mediterranean, as is still the Dome of our Lady of Loretto, upon the Adriatic Gulph.

The

† “ The fenny frogs, with croakings hoarse and deep,
“ And gnats, loud buzzing, drive away our sleep.”

The vicinity exhibits a luxuriant display of the Productions of an Italian Climate. As we skirted a bay of the Sea, the waves breaking furiously upon the beach, we admired the fine hills round the foot of which the road gradually winds. Their sloping sides are covered with Myrtles, Bays, Palm trees and Aloes, under which Sheep and Goats browse deliciously among Flowering-Shrubs.

On entering the Neapolitan Dominions, at the Torre de Confini, our Passports were demanded by the Guard, and we were amused with the Foreign air that had been cast upon our names. Beneath a Cardinal's Hat of the old cut, ornamented with strings and tassels, was, "Permit" &c. "Don Giuseppe Samon,
" con

“con sua Sposa, Donna Viola, without
“let or molestation, quietly to pass,” &c.
&c. in all the forms of *National* affection
and *Diplomatic* regard.

As we approached Fundi we were struck with the sight of an Orange Grove—the first that we had seen in the open Fields, glittering with green and gold. Cork trees also abound in this district, and retain their leaves all winter.

Fundi still retains the character given of its Inhabitants by Cicero, who was afterward murdered in this very Neighbourhood; and they terrified us, as they lined the Streets, in idle Throngs, with the suspicious concealment of their tattered cloaks, and down-cast looks.

The

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The Savages of the neighbouring Coast were the Lestrigones, or Men-Eaters, described by Homer, who like the modern Furies of the Coast of Cornwall made a prey of shipwrecked Mariners.

Mola di Gaeta is a fishing town, beautifully situated, at the bottom of a delightful Bay: but the neighbourhood swarms with Inhabitants, who seem content with indolence, amidst poverty and dirt.

Here we had like to have been detained all day, by a heavy fall of rain, that had rendered the Carigliano, the silent Liris of the Poets, and the boundary of antient Latium, a furious torrent.

After

After dinner, while we were waiting the return of a Messenger who had been sent to see whether it was possible to cross the river, a Youth of the Party, who had been bred in France, beguiled the tedious moments by thrumming his Guitar, to the tune of a complimentary Chanson, which he politely addressed to *Madame*: for in Italy we speak French, and pass without scruple for *Citoyens de la République Française*—though I believe we are generally taken for a sort of *Emigrés*, or *Ci-devants*.

When we rose from table, a walk was proposed to Borgo di Gaeta, a fortified town that was taken by Charles V. when he ravaged Italy.

In the Citadel of this Fortress the skeleton of Bourbon the Constable of France, who deserted the Standard of his Royal Master, and afterward perished in the act of scaling the walls of Rome, was long preserved in an open Press for the amusement of idle Curiosity, leaving, as Pope said of the ferocious Swede,

——“ *a name at which the World grew pale*
“ To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

But we were soon overtaken by our returning Messenger, who brought us word that the Ferry was practicable, and we willingly relinquished an excursion that would have confined us, for the night, in the dark and dirty Apartments of an Italian Inn, to whose disgusting

ing accommodations for nocturnal repose English Travellers frequently prefer dozing the night away in their Carriages.

We were surprised to find the dreaded river not wider at its mouth than Rancocas Creek, the unnoticed current that pours its tributary stream into the Delaware ten miles above Philadelphia, and a hundred and thirty from the sea: but we had sufficient cause to be alarmed before we got over the muddy torrent in a leaky Scow, so awkwardly managed by Descendants of the Ancient Romans, or their gallant neighbours the People of Tarentum, that we were in great danger of breaking loose and driving out to sea.

At

At St. Agade, or Francolesi, the Caravan was roused at midnight to make up for the delay; and we might have travelled till day-light, without much apprehension, if the Guard had not been doubled to conduct us as far as Capua—a modern town, not far from the ancient City, in which the Troops of Hannibal debauched themselves with the luxuries of Italy.

This is not more than twenty miles from the Capital, and the interval is a continued Vineyard, interspersed with Fields of Grain, and Orchards of Olive Trees.

We entered the Town toward evening, and after having been some time delayed at the Dogana, we rejected the Lodgings

ings to which our Vettorino conducted us under pretence that he could not find the Hotel for which we had a card. But we were ourselves refused, in turn, at two or three other places, and were at last glad to take shelter for the night in an obscure Lodging-House near the Port.

LETTER XXIII.

*Description of Naples—The Bay—The
Palace of Caserta.*

Naples, January 1802.

ABOUT the origin of Naples—in Italian Napoli, I shall say but little, because little is certainly known, though it is fondly ascribed to Hercules—to a wandering Argonaut—to Grecian Colonies from Athens, and Chalcis.

But the Phœnicians, the Circumnavigators of Antiquity, called it Parthenope, from its delightful situation,
and

and Augustus gave it the name of Neapolis, which it retains with so little variation in the modern languages of Europe.

The beautiful Bay that is supposed to be the finest in the World, unless rivalled by that of New York, or excelled by that of Constantinople, is indeed a glorious semicircle, ten or fifteen miles diameter, crowned by the Domes of Naples, and surmounted with Castles and Convents upon the summits of adjacent hills. White houses and cheerful villages encircle the transparent waves, and at a distance the Promontory of Misenum and the Island of Capri restrain the turbulence of the Mediterranean.

On

On the right, toward the Chain of Hills through which has been scooped the subterraneous Passage of Pausillipo, a delightful walk skirts the shores of the Bay, in the centre of which has lately been placed the astonishing Groupe called the Tauro Farnese; which in a single block of white marble represents Amphion and Zethus tying their Step-Mother to the horns of a Wild Bull, to throw her with it into the Sea. It originally stood in the Baths of Caracalla, and is mentioned by Pliny in the XXXVI. book of his Natural History.

Within a Vineyard, at the entrance of the Grotto is the reputed Tomb of Virgil, a misshapen pile not unlike an oven. It was formerly however overshadowed with laurels; but the French, those

(those Monopolizers of laurels) are said to have gathered them all.

The Passage of Pausillipo, a work of unknown antiquity, is very dark, notwithstanding its great height, and a breadth, which will admit of three or four Carriages at a time. At the end of a quarter of a mile you pass a little Chapel, cut into the rock, in which, by the light of a glimmering taper, a reverend Hermit collects a scanty pittance from the Devout, to support a life of perpetual penance and abstraction.

*Not to him returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds him.*

He has the satisfaction, however, of considering himself as the tutelär Saint of the place, whose auspices protect the Traveller from robbery and murder. The Recluse gives his blessing, as farthings drop into his box, and you are soon cheered with a glimpse of returning day-light, which appears at first sight like a brilliant Star. The light distends itself as you advance, and you emerge from the gloom of midnight into the splendour of meridian day.

A straight road through continued Vineyards leads you to the shores of Baia, where the first object that strikes the eye is the town of Puzzuoli, decayed since the Age of the Apostles from a great City in which St. Paul preached on his arrival from Malta. A stupendous

pendous Mole yet stretches into the foaming Ocean, with gigantic strides, and the ruins of an Amphitheatre still bespeak its ancient Population. Beyond these interesting objects, skirting the Bay to the projecting Promontory, may be traced the Vestiges of ancient Villas, the favourite retreats of Pompey and Cicero, withdrawing from the cares of State to the studies of Philosophy, or the infamous resort of Nero or Lucullus for the gratification of gluttony and licentiousness.

Some of those Ruins are now covered by the waves of the Bay, and others are converted into Stables, and Wine Cellars; but several Temples yet remain, partially dilapidated, together with a Portal of Cumæ (once a noble city
though

though now totally deserted) and the Piscina Mirabilis, a vaulted Reservoir of sufficient capacity to supply the Roman Fleets when they rendezvoused at Misenum

Not far distant is the Cave where the Cumean Sybil uttered her Oracles, and predicted, says St. Jerom, the birth of Christ.—The river Styx and the Stygian Lake of Virgil, the banks of which were his Elysian fields—The Vapour-Baths, the water of which will boil an egg in a few minutes—The Solfaterra, where Alum, Vitriol, and Sal Ammoniac, are extracted from the Volcanic substances within the Crater of this extinguished Volcano—The Grotto del Cane, whose mephitic vapours will throw an Animal into convulsions, and extinguish

guish a lighted torch—The Pisciarelli, a rivulet of boiling water issuing from the Cone of the Solfaterra, strongly impregnated with Alum and Vitriol, the latter of which preponderates to such a degree as to produce ink when mixed with galls—The Crater of another extinguished Volcano, four or five miles round, which has been walled in for a Royal Park, and is well stocked with Stags and Boars.

Scipio Africanus, when accused of peculation by an act of ingratitude, perhaps characteristic of Republican jealousy, since the temperate Washington has been accused of official profusion, retired to the neighbouring coast; where the Poet Ennius amused his voluntary solitude; and Seneca, the Heathen moralist,

ralist, long afterward defended his memory from contemporary injustice.*

On the other side of this beautiful Bay, five miles from Naples, is Mount Vesuvius, the celebrated Volcano that has alternately vomited fire and smoke ever since the earliest notices of History or Tradition.

Here, for the first time in a European Capital, I have been unable to procure agreeable Lodgings, those opening upon the water being so crowded that

I

* In ipsâ Scipionis villâ hæc scribo; adoratis manibus ejus et sepulchro. Animum quidem ejus in cælum, ex quo erat, rediisse persuadeo mihi; ob egregiam moderationem pietatemque, magis in illo admirabilem cum reliquit patriam, quam cum defendit. [I write with veneration in that very Villa from which I doubt not the Soul of Scipio returned to his native Sky; A Hero more to be admired when he quitted his country than when he defended it.]

I could meet with none vacant to my mind.

Determined, however, to be within sight of the Bay, I once engaged a suit of Rooms near the Castello, of these we took possession in the morning, but were before night so heartily tired of the clanking of Gally-Slaves, frequently passing by in irons from the Castle, and so terrified with the loneliness of our Apartment, within call of nothing but the very dregs of the Neapolitan Populace, that we gladly paid the forfeit of a week's advance, and returned again in the evening to our old Lodgings.

Excepting the great Hotels upon the Chiaia, of which English Travellers are

so fond, the delightful borders of the most beautiful Bay in the World, are only inhabited by Fishermen and Lazaroni.

The latter may be seen sunning themselves in crowds under the very windows of the Royal Palace, where this bewitching promenade begins, and its whole length is infested with Beggars, that lie basking in the sun—many of whom exhibit their deformities in a manner too offensive to be described.—Of some shocking Figures, I would gladly discharge my wounded memory: but the impression is indelible.

In the middle of a Square that fronts the Opera—defenceless—on the very edge of the full drive of Hurry and Dissipation,

sipation, I have seen Adults lie roaring in the mud, half naked—and whole Families of Children left sprawling upon a litter of straw, to attract the notice of Passengers by their continual cries.

But here as well as elsewhere, in European Capitals, the Rich and the Great whirl rapidly by in their Coaches, and leave the importunities of Beggary to be felt and relieved by the useful Classes of Society.

I am satisfied that more objects of this description might be picked up in the streets of Naples than could be furnished by all the Hospitals in the United States, though Eleemosynary Institutions are by no means wanting at Naples. But Police is here a Court sine-
Vol. II. B b cure,

cure, and the Funds of Hospitals are managed by pensioned Governors, who if they take care of themselves instead of the Poor, can cheaply atone for neglect of duty, or maladministration, by leaving to the Chapel of the institution an offering worthy of Ananias and Sapphira—it may be a silver Candlestick, or a golden Crucifix, bought with a trifling portion of accumulated speculation.

Caserta, the Neapolitan rival of Versailles, is situated in the Campagna Felice, sixteen miles from the Capital. A distance, the Prince Royal makes nothing of driving at all hours of day or night, preceded by half a dozen Running Footmen, the first we have seen, this inhuman appendage of Royal or Noble ostentation being now every where else exploded.

I say

I say the Prince, because the king has not yet ventured to return from Sicily, whither he withdrew on the rumour of the arrival of the French.

The Palace may indeed be compared to the proud residence of Lewis XIV. in point of size, being an oblong square seven hundred feet long and five or six hundred wide. It is divided by intermediate ranges into four Courts. In the centre is an open Vestibule, in which his Sicilian Majesty alights, under cover, at the foot of a Stair-case, sixty feet by ninety, which lands him, by double flights, upon the level of the State Apartments, in an octagonal Salloon, ninety feet diameter, divided by eight marble Columns into a Circle and surrounding Gallery. On one side is the
tedious

tedious string of Antichambers upon Antichambers, leading by due degrees into Halls of Audience, Presence-Chambers, and State Bed-Rooms, with Cabinets, Wardrobes, and Waiting-Rooms, without number—on another, the comfortable range of Private Apartments, adapted to domestic convenience—on a third, the splendid Chapel, not inferior in size or decoration to that of Versailles.

But Caserta wants the Gallery, that was painted by Le Brun with the History of Lewis; and the brilliant Water-Works that distinguish Versailles from all the Palaces upon earth.

A superb Aqueduct brings a rivulet of the Appenines to supply the Reservoirs of Caserta. In the course of nine leagues
it

it pierces through five different spurs of the Mountain, and flows at a great height over intermediate vallies.*

Caserta is not yet finished, and probably never will be, though it has been in hand for half a century, as the situation is so flat as to be incapable of modern decoration; and his present Majesty takes more pleasure in the neighbouring Mansion-House of Santa Leuce, where he amuses himself with superintending a Manufacture of Silks and Gauzes.

Returning late from Caserta, we drove through the Throng of the Strada di Toledo, by torch-light, expecting every moment

* In digging to found the piles of a causeway, at the depth of ninety feet, the Labourers discovered a cave in which were many Human bones, though Roman Works still extant in the vicinity prove that the surface of the earth has been there nearly the same ever since the Christian Era.

moment to run over the noisy Crowd, which, filling the Street from side to side, opens on the approach of a Carriage, and closes up again the moment it has passed, with incredible alertness.

At Naples every thing is done in the street. There Merchants buy and sell. There Tradesmen ply their tools—the Blacksmith shoes his Horse and the Cobler heeltaps his Customer. There Loungers ride or walk, or saunter to kill time, or take the air. There dinners and suppers are cooked and eaten. Nay such tractable Animals as Swine and Bullocks are often struck or knocked in the head in the less frequented Streets, where many a Lazzarone makes his bed upon the softest stone he can find.

It

It is said there are forty thousand of these idle Vagrants that live in the streets without any stationary home, and three or four times the number, a groat above beggary, crowd the avenues of Naples from morning till night. With them the sovereign good is to do nothing, and they only work as much as is necessary to keep themselves from starving. A sup of Maccaroni, and a handful of roasted chesnuts, will satisfy the cravings of hunger, without recourse to experiments; and, accordingly, a Cargo of Potatoes was lately thrown overboard in the harbour—the good People of Naples would not take them for nothing.

Upon the road to Portici, and the neighbouring Villages, one-horse Cashes are kept for hire by ragged Drivers;

ers ; and so many of these are often seen driving furiously at once, with two, three, four, and even five lazy Raggamuffins hanging on at a time, that I have seen whole Streets look as if they were flying away with rags.

The air of Naples between the Autumnal rains, and the Summer heats is perhaps the purest upon earth. It is perceptibly invigorating, and may account for, though it cannot excuse, the licentiousness of the Neapolitans, that seems as if it might be imbibed from the surrounding atmosphere, springing with elasticity.

Well might Roger Ascham say in the homely phraseology of his Age " I take
"goying thither, and living there, for a
"yonge

“yonge Gentleman that doth not goe under the kepe and garde of such a Manne as both by wisdom can, and by authority dare, rewle him, to be marvelous dangerous.”

The public amusements of Naples are accordingly various and splendid. The Opera House is said to excel even that of Paris; and the Musical Entertainments at the Churches are performed in the highest style.

Dramatic Enthusiasts declare that the Theatre of San Carlo would be, when illuminated, the most imposing scene in the world: if the size of the Building, and the noise of the Spectators, did not prevent both voices and instruments from being distinctly heard: Such is at

Vol. II. C c Naples

Naples the rage of dissipation, that it is common to receive company in the boxes, to take ices, and other refreshments, and even to sup, and to play at cards. The Dancers only command the eyes and ears of an Italian Audience.

The Dancers of the Opera keep their Chariots upon the wages of prostitution; and the Carnival of Naples makes up in dissoluteness any thing it may want in parade, when compared to that of Rome or Venice.

To see the People indulging themselves in every kind of licentiousness, in which the Clergy, and even the Monks, of Naples openly partake, you would not think they were within reach of an open
Volcano

Volcano that could sweep them all, in a moment, from the face of the earth.

But the Populace of Naples possess a tranquillizing faith, unknown to Protestant Communities. They can delegate their lives and fortunes to the care of **San Gennaro**, secure in the watchful protection of the Saint. He is stationed upon a bridge, between the town and the Mountain, where he extends his right hand to stay the furious Volcano, with a look that seems to threaten it for daring to disturb the good People of Naples, the worthy objects of his peculiar favour.

LETTER XXIV.

Vesuvius—Herculaneum—Pompeii.

VESUVIUS since we have been in its neighbourhood has only rolled out volumes of smoke, sometimes gracefully mounting into the air, sometimes towering round the Crater, according to the state of the atmosphere, and the direction of the wind. There has been no flame since the eruption of 1794, though the Mountain has been often thought to threaten.

A day or two ago we rambled up its sides as far as the foot of the Crater. They exhibit the most singular contrast

trast of barrenness and fertility, according to the course of the torrents of lava, the intervals between which are covered with Chesnut trees and Vineyards, from which are made the luscious Wines called the *Lachryma Christi*, and *Muscadel*.

At the top of the ascent, where you are still a mile and a half from the Crater, there was before the Insurrection a Convent of Monks where refreshments could be procured: but it is now deserted, and the weary Visitant must content himself with the enchanting prospect that throws the Bay of Naples with its Cities and its Islands—its hills and its vallies, at once at his feet, bordered with a sparkling semicircle in the open sea terminated every evening,
with

with the undescribable glories of an Italian sky.

We approached the Crater, a hill of ashes and pumice stones, in the shape of a cone, half a mile in diameter, and five hundred feet high, near enough to hear the great pot boil—the continual bubbling of the liquid lava producing a sound that exactly resembles the boiling of a Cauldron.

But as this conical hill cannot be ascended without excessive fatigue from sinking every step half-leg deep in ashes, hot enough to scorch a pair of boots; and as we had had an account of the present situation of the mouth of the Crater from a French Gentleman that had descended into it the day before, we
suffered

suffered Curiosity to press us no further, and amused ourselves with tracing across the subjacent Country the various currents of lava with which fertile vallies have been desolated and flourishing Cities overwhelmed.

Toward midsummer 1794 Vesuvius had ceased to vomit either fire or smoke, a circumstance that generally presages an eruption; and at half past three o'clock on the morning of the 13th. of July, the Inhabitants of the foot of the Mountain were suddenly alarmed with a shock like that of an earthquake. This terrifying stroke was thrice repeated, and the People immediately fled into their gardens where they passed the remainder of the night in anxious expectation.

Next

Next morning nothing was to be seen at Naples but penitential processions of Men, Women, and Children walking barefoot to the Cathedral to implore the protection of San Gennaro, to whom is supposed to have been delegated the command of the Volcano.

For the next three days the weather was tempestuous, and the air loaded with vapours, with which, together with clouds of ashes, it was sometimes supernaturally darkened, and during this terrific interval several slighter shocks were felt attended with rumbling noises like distant thunder.

When about two o'clock on the morning of the 17th there was heard an explosion so loud and long that it could only

ly be compared to a continual discharge of the heaviest cannon—and a torrent of flaming lava was seen to burst from the western side of the Crater, and pour down the sides of the mountain in various directions.

The principal stream, a mile in width, bent its destructive course toward Torre del Greco, a town of fifteen or twenty thousand People, situated upon the Bay, ten miles from Naples, and five from the Crater of Vesuvius.

A column of dense smoke now ascended from the orifice, in the shape of a cylinder, out of which darted in every direction immense stones in a state of ignition, producing the effect of forked lightnings, as they were impelled with

irresistible violence to a distance of several miles.

The fiery lava swept every thing before it, and in less than three hours overwhelmed Torre del Greco, and tumbled into the sea, with a horrible explosion, of which some faint idea may be formed from the violent effects produced by the contact of water with heated metals.

The sea hissed with a noise like the sharpest thunder, and the lava, curled itself up as if sensible to the touch of the adverse element, and instantly petrified into undescrivable crimps and jags.

The vivid reflection of this fiery torrent illuminated the City of Naples
till

till the dawn of day; and the furious concussion of the jarring elements continued all the next morning, and raised a rugged mole in the Bay a quarter of a mile square.

This dreadful explosion had been awfully presaged by a sudden flow of the sea—perhaps occasioned by the impetuous rush that would naturally follow an abrupt absorption of its waters in the cavities of the Mountain, which are supposed to run under the bed of the bay.

Such an accident would have been sufficient to produce the instantaneous ejection of the liquid fire, then boiling in the bowels of the Volcano, by whose fearful contact the tremendous thunder
with

with which it was accompanied might well have been produced.

The surface of the boiling liquid gradually hardened as it cooled about the mouth of the orifice from which it had issued, and soon formed a crust of pumice and lava over the unfathomable pit, through the interstices of which the Crater has continued to smoke ever since.

The French Gentleman, before mentioned, in company with two or three other inquisitive Foreigners, actually descended to this false bottom, and examined the smoking crannies of the platform that conceals the boiling gulph, while their trembling Guides protested against their presumption, and on their
knees

knees invoked St. Anthony, the Catholic guardian against fire, for the preservation of their adventurous Charge.

Our Fellow Traveller brought away with him a large lump of chrystallized salts that he had himself picked out of the principal orifice, the air of which, flaming from beneath a Volcanic rock, was hot enough to singe his hair.

Torre del Greco now exhibits an appearance little less curious than Herculaneum or Pompeii. Many of the houses were soon excavated, and others rebuilt upon the same spot, though the lava continued warm in some places for several years, and his Sicilian Majesty had offered the Inhabitants land
in

in another place to induce them to rebuild the town in a less critical situation.

The ashes of this or some former eruption are said to have been blown as far as Constantinople, to the great terror of the superstitious Turks; and it is certain that a month before the memorable one I have just described, while Vesuvius was disgorging stones and fire at its ancient vomitory, a dense cloud was seen at Radicofani, coming from the south-east, the direction of Vesuvius, two hundred miles distant, from which there fell a shower of ashes and volcanic stones.

During an eruption which took place in the year 1538, a new Hill arose in
the

the vicinity, to the height of 600 feet. Many of the Mountains between Rome and Naples are said to discover traces of a similar origin.

The eruption that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii occurred in the 79th year of the Christian *Æra*, and is described by Pliny and other ancient Authors.

Since then several others have taken place, in Ages that produced no Historians to preserve their memory, as appears by the various laminæ that have been formed one upon another over the site of Herculaneum.

Pliny and other ancient Authors speak of this as a great and flourishing city,
and

and the Alexandrian Chronicle mentions its having been built sixty years before the Siege of Troy—Dion Cassius thus describes its destruction, which happened in the month of August: “An incredible quantity of cinders filled the air, and covered the earth and the sea, suffocating Man and Beast—the Birds in the air; and the Fish in the bay. The showers of ashes entirely buried two Cities while their Inhabitants were seated in the Theatres; and Cinders were carried by the wind as far as the Coast of Egypt.”

Another town arose upon the site of Herculaneum, since called Portici, and now the summer Residence of his Sicilian Majesty, whose Inhabitants had long forgotten the traditionary tale, when a
Peasant

Peasant sinking a well in the year 1713 came across several blocks of marble. These being wanted for the composition of stucco for a Palace then building in the neighbourhood by the Prince d'El Bœuf, his Highness purchased of the Peasant a right to search for more, and in so doing restored to light a Statue of Hercules and another of Cleopatra.

This success induced him to proceed with ardour, when seven Roman Vestals, and forty-eight alabaster columns were the reward of his labour,

Such acquisitions were viewed by the Administration with a jealous eye, and the Prince was commanded to desist.

It was not till the year 1736, when Don Carlos became king of Naples, and purchased the newly erected Palace, that the subterranean city was discovered, under the Royal direction, together with the bed of a river, that had once run through it.

A temple of Jupiter was soon cleared out, and the Amphitheatre completely excavated.

Great numbers of Statues, Paintings, and ancient Utensils, were now discovered, and carefully deposited in the Museum of Portici. Yet the number of Workmen employed by the Crown was gradually reduced, and the excavations have been long since totally discontinued.

The

The most considerable Edifice discovered during this interval was a Forum or rectangular Court, two hundred feet long, encompassed with Porticos. It was paved with marble, and adorned with Paintings.

In the grand entrance, composed of five arcades, were as many equestrian Statues, two of which are now preserved in the Vestibule of the Palace.*

At the opposite end, upon an elevation of three steps, was a Statue of Vespasian, between two Sitting Figures, in curule chairs.

This

* These are the only equestrian Statues yet discovered, in marble. One of them was inscribed:

M. NONIO M. F. BALBO PR. PRO. COS. HERCULANENSEO.

[Erected, by the People of Herculaneum, to Marcus Nonius Balbus, son of Marcus, Procurator and Proconsul.]

The entire plan of a Temple of Isis, with the Cœnabulum in which were found the bones of some fish—the Slaughter House, with the very ring to which the struggling Victim was attached, and the channel by which the blood was conveyed away—the corner into which the Priests squeezed themselves when they spoke for the oracular Statue, and the secret stairs by which they went up into the Sanctum Sanctorum.

Here were found Candelabra—sacrificial Instruments, &c. and human skeletons, probably those of Priests deprecating the vengeance of their gods at the time of the eruption.

In the Guard-House iron Stocks were found with Skeletons standing in them,

them, and you are still shewn the impression of a flying foot that sunk in yielding lava.

From the Suburb you cross a Vineyard to the Town itself, through the principal street of which runs the pavement of the Appian Way.

On descending to the ancient surface you behold two narrow Streets, diverging obliquely from a Public Fountain.

The Pavement, worn into ruts by the wheels of ancient Cars, and the Footways (raised as they now are in English and American towns) once sullied with the litter of continual Passengers, are now bleached by wind and rain.

Neither

Neither of these Streets is more than fifteen feet in width, and the carriage way is not above ten; yet there was room enough for two of the ancient cars to pass at a time, the tracks of which are but four feet asunder.

You contemplate, with serious reflections, Rows of Houses now unroofed, and silent as the grave, once the cheerful habitation of Roman Citizens; and as you pass along by the gaping doors, and windows, you perceive the stain of a heated cup on the front slab of a Tavern, and the indecent emblem of licentiousness over the entrance of a Brothel.

On entering into some of the Houses you still read upon their thresholds
in

in large letters wrought in black and white mosaic, of which all the floors are constructed, the *Sal-ve* that welcomed the Guests of Antiquity ; and perceive upon the walls, by the help of a little water to freshen the colours, the ornamental devices of ancient ingenuity.

The finest specimens are nothing more than small sketches of Figures or Landscapes, with Arabesque borders, representing, for instance, Venus attired by the Graces—Cupid playing on the tibia—A dancing Bacchante—Fighting Gladiators—A Temple—An Altar, with a cock, for a sacrifice to Æsculapius—A Roman Villa—Fish—Game—Flowers, &c.

The houses are generally small, yet some of them are built round a Court that had a Fountain in the middle.

The windows were mostly closed with wooden shutters: yet some few of them had glass in them, which was not perfectly transparent, and others were sashed with isinglass, split into thin plates.

In one of the Houses were found Chirurgical Instruments, and Manuscript Rolls—The utensils now used by Soap Boilers were found in another—In one of the Courts was the iron work of a Calash, that must have been exactly like those now used at Naples, though the modern Neapolitans have forgotten the use of Foot-ways.

Passing

Passing through the main street to the walls of the town you see beyond the Houses, a Court, containing a broad flat stone, for the burning of the Dead; round which are still seen upon the wall enormous masques of terra-cotta, with weeping countenances.

Here are also several Family Tombs, one of which is inscribed with the name of its Founder, and the laconic inscription,

SIBI ET SUIS*

Further on is a semicircular bench for repose, or conversation; and a Sentry-Box for the City Guard remains just within the Town Gate.

Another

* For him and His.

Another cleared spot in the neighbourhood exhibits a complete specimen of an ancient Villa.

The whole plan of the House—its Out-Houses—its Gardens—and its Fish-Pond, may be accurately traced.—The Kitchen and the Bath-House are almost entire, with their Boilers and their Funnels yet fit for use; and the Cellars still contain earthen jars with wine encrusted to ashes.

From the principal floor of this Villa a terrace projects on each side, under which runs a Gallery, and other Apartments for summer residence—In one of these was found the Skeleton of the Master, with the house-key, and a purse of gold.

Pompeii

Pompeii appears to have been itself chiefly built and paved with lava. It was not buried so deep but that the battlements of the Houses remained above the surface, and pointed by their crumbling pinnacles to the scene of desolation: yet it was not till the year 1750 that it was thought worth while to search into the ruins, when the parts above described were easily cleared of the loose soil with which they had been so long concealed, and displayed the shocking spectacle of those who had been buried alive in burning cinders.

Skeletons were found heaped together in the Houses, and in the Streets, and the untasted food of the suffocated Inhabitants was still discernible upon their tables.

At

At the Royal Palace of Portici are preserved innumerable objects of curiosity which have been drawn from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

They are arranged in long strings of Rooms paved with ancient Mosaics—ornamented with Frescos—and furnished with every article of domestic utility known to the Romans.

In one of them are seen the Culinary Utensils, scarcely excelled by the inventions of modern refinement.

In another, Implements of Husbandry, sufficiently proving by their resemblance to those now in use, that Human ingenuity, as well as Animal instinct, operates universally similar ends by similar means.

In

In another are preserved Sacrificial and Chirurgical Instruments, among which the Lancet, *that favourite implement of some Modern Operators*, is observed to be wanting—Scales and weights—Steelyards, &c. like those now in use—Nails, Screws, Locks, Keys, Latches, Hinges, Bolts, &c.

In another, Lamps, Lachrymatories, Etruscan Vases, and Caledaria, with heaters, that are said to have first suggested the idea of Tea-Urns.

In another, Eatables, retaining their original shape, such as Corn, Flour, Bread, a Pie in its pan, Peas, Beans, Nuts, Almonds, Grapes, Figs, Dates, Wine, Oil, Fish, Eggs, Lace, Linen, Nets, Helmets, and Coats of Mail, Swords, and Shields.

The

This superb Forum was connected with two Temples by adjoining Colonnades.

The city of Herculaneum has been buried by successive showers of ashes, and floods of lava, to the depth of sixty or eighty feet. Its subterranean excavations can therefore only be seen by the dim light of Flambeaux, which must be held up to the dripping walls to display the fresco paintings, and dedicatory inscriptions, which in musty cavities, forever hidden from the face of day, yet speak to modern eyes in the obsolete language of ancient Rome.

Pompeii, on the contrary, an inland town, on the other side of the Mountain, having only been covered by a fall of
ashes,

admits of gluing the leaves to a thin pellicle, upon which they are carefully unrolled.

Among the Statues found here there is nothing very extraordinary in point of art, and some of them are too indecent and immoral to be publicly exposed.

In the Gardens of the Palace of Portici, there are Swings and wooden Horses fixed upon Roundabouts, such as delight the Populace at English Fairs. —They are here erected for the particular amusement of the King and his courtiers; and on holidays the People flock from Naples, in crowds, to see the grown Gentlemen divert themselves with this masculine amusement.

We were yesterday at the Palazzo degli Studi Publici, an immense Edifice in which are preserved the antique Statues inherited from the House of Farnese, many of which are exquisitely fine.

There is the famous Hercules of equivocal merit—The Flora of indisputable elegance—a head of Homer of the most venerable sublimity—and a falling Gladiator, whose attitude is so impressed with fainting weakness that you approach the pedestal with caution for fear the Statue should fall upon your head.

We have not seen the three Dorick Temples of Pæstum, the ancient Possidonia of the Greeks, which have lately
risen

risen into notice from the midst of **Calabrian Thickets**; nor the **Phrygian caps** and **Grecian veils** of the **Peasants**, who preserve in the little **Island of Pro-cida**, at the entrance of the **Bay of Naples**, all the peculiarities of a **Grecian Colony**; neither have we visited a tenth part of the **Churches** and **Convents** of **this Catholic City**.

But **To-morrow** we return to **Rome**, by the same tardy **Conveyance**, which experience has taught us to prefer, in **Italy**, to any other.

LETTER XXV.

Return to Rome—Canova—Volpato—Excursion to Tivoli.

Tivoli, February 25th. 1802.

LITTLE occurred worth mentioning, between Naples and Rome. Our only Companion in the Coach was an Italian Lady that spoke no language but her Mother-tongue, and we found ourselves for the first time reduced to the ridiculous dilemma of hearing without understanding, and speaking without being understood.

The Lady however, though a married Woman, on the wrong side of forty,

ty, soon found a Cecisbeo in one of the other Coaches, who was always at the door to hand her out and in.

At night he was her Valet de Chambre, in the morning her Hair-dresser, in short that amphibious Animal indispensable to the helplessness of an Italian fine Lady ; and to his obsequious attentions I willingly resigned her.

At the wretched Inns upon the respective Frontiers, Travellers are incommoded by the unfriendliness of the neighbouring States, neither of whose inhabitants will receive the current coin of the other, beyond the boundary line that separates the good Catholics of the Kingdom of Naples from those of the Patrimony of St. Peter.

After

After leaving the noisy Crowd of Naples it seemed like going home again to return to the monastic quietude of Rome; and we were happy to find our old Lodgings still vacant, and our affectionate Landlord and his Wife ready to receive us again, with open arms.

We went with him the next day to the workshop of Canova, curious to behold the only Statuary that modern times can venture to compare with Phidias and Praxiteles, or the unknown Artists of the Venus de Medicis, and the Apollo Belvidere.

This incomparable Sculptor is a little Man—middle-aged—a native of Venice—with intelligent features—singularly mild and unassuming.

We

We found him giving the last strokes to a Figure of Hebe, alighting on a cloud, and pouring nectar, with all the lightness of an aerial Attendant at an Olympian banquet.

He shewed us a Perseus he had just finished, of exquisite proportions; and a Plaister Cast of his celebrated Groupe of Venus and Adonis, universally allowed to be little if at all inferior to the perfect models of antiquity which now grace the Gallery of Paris.

I asked him if he could make me a Bust of Washington, from a drawing, or a print; but he declines confining himself to real life, preferring his liberty to range at large in the regions of ideal beauty.

In

In the afternoon I went to see Volpato, the best Engraver at Rome since the death of Piranesi—the local Genius that seems to have been formed among the Monuments of Antiquity, to give them, before they crumbled into dust, circulation and perpetuity.

Volpato is superannuated; but he could yet be pleased with the compliment of an American Visitor. His best performances are from the Histories of Raphael and the Landscapes of Claude Lorraine: but his burin has ever been best adapted to inanimate nature, and he was now employed upon a fine composition of Gaspard Poussin, I think from the Pamphili Collection, in the Palazzo Doria.

I strolled to Tivoli the day before yesterday, on foot, and alone, to be perfectly at liberty to contemplate the beauties of the Sybil's Temple (as it is denominated by common Fame) and the unbounded ruins of the Villa of Adrian that lie just without this wretched town—the houses of which are little better than Indian wigwams, piled one upon another in streets—narrow and badly paved—up hill and down.

Tivoli is situated on an eminence bordering the Campagna di Roma, the ancient Latium, at the distance of fifteen or eighteen miles from Rome. It was built five hundred years before the days of Romulus, yet it must have remained considerable in those of Augustus, since Horace says of it

*Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non Regia Roma
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.**—————

The Consular Road that still leads to it was once bordered with magnificent Sepulchres of which shapeless ruins still remain.

About twelve miles from Rome there is a Volcanic lake from which bituminous and sulphureous vapours constantly exhale, and render the vicinity uninhabitable by Man or Beast. Material substances condense in its petrifying waters, and floating islands are often formed upon the surface, of compacted reeds and bulrushes.

Two

* Small things become the Small. Great Rome, adieu.
Now, with delight, I vacant Tibur view.

Two miles further you cross the Anio, or Teverone, by the Lucanian Bridge, so called from a Victory that the Followers of Romulus there gained over the ancient Lucanians.

This Bridge was repaired by Tiberius Plautius, perhaps the same that accompanied the Emperor Claudius, on his expedition into Britain. Close by it is the noble Tomb of his Family, a round Tower nearly resembling that of Cecilia Metella, already described, which together with the Bridge, of a single arch, forms one of those picturesque objects that furnish ample materials for the imitative arts in the neighbourhood of Rome.

**At a distance, on your right, you behold the wide-spread ruins of the Villa
Adriana,**

Adriana, entwined with thickets, and overshadowed, here and there, by branching pines, the product of a sandy soil; but the road leads you to Tivoli, and you ascend a tedious hill without noticing the fallen remains of the Villa of Mæcenæ celebrated by all the Poets of the Augustan Age, or that of the Cardinal d'Este, son of the Duke of Ferrara —another illustrious Patron of the Muses, whose name is handed down with the works of Ariosto.

Between these you pass up the hill of Tivoli, and inquire your way through blind passages and dirty lanes, to the wretched Inn that boasts the propriety of the celebrated Temple of the Tiburtine Sybil.

The

The Temple of Vesta, commonly called the Sybil's Temple, from the Cave of the Sybilla Tiburtina, which still exists not far from it, under the disguise of a Church, was once a hollow Cone—a shape symbolical of the Universe, twenty feet diameter, and as many high, terminating in a Dome, and surrounded with eighteen fluted Columns of the Corinthian order, that formed a circular Colonnade, around the secret Cell in which *the Holy Fire* was kept alive by spotless Virgins, devoted, like the Nuns of modern Superstition, to perpetual virginity.

The inner side of this venerable Edifice has been torn away by Ruffian violence: for Time and Nature respected the well proportioned mass—the Dome has
fallen

fallen in, and seven or eight prostrate Columns have been removed for the domestic purposes of a Neighbourhood that has no veneration for the legacies of Antiquity.—

But the outer semicircle of the Cone, with its concomitant Columns, connected with it by single slabs of marble, which form at once, the frize of the Entablature hung with festoons of flowers attached to the horns of sacrificial Heifers, and the flat cieling of the Portico, richly wrought in figured compartments, remain for the admiration of successive Ages, as one of the most beautiful specimens of the majestic graces of Grecian Architecture.

Upon

Upon the overhanging brow of a ledge of rocks, worn into caverns by an incessant Cataract, whether viewed from the eager proximity of close examination, or from the half-concealing distance of picturesque effect—perched upon the summit of a perpendicular precipice, foaming with the spray of a furious cascade, the beauteous Ruin soars above the yawning gulph—like the Hall of Satan rising by Poetic incantation over the fathomless Abyss.

The three grades of Grecian architecture—the Doric, the Ionic and the Corinthian: for the Tuscan and the Composite are Roman modulations of the sublime and chaste originals, had received the fixed proportions of unchangeable perfection soon after the earliest dates of
Profane

Profane History: yet in comparison with the unrivalled elegance of a Grecian Temple, the Pyramids of Memphis and the Pagodas of Pekin must rank alike among the tasteless efforts of Barbarian strength.*

In Civil Architecture a successful imitation of the Grecian orders has been alike the highest boast of Rome when she

* I say nothing of the Temple of Belus, supposed the Tower of Babel, or of the Walls of Babylon, which, notwithstanding the authority of the Greek Historians, the earliest of whom wrote his incredible descriptions after the doubtful masses had fallen to the earth, could hardly have been so long, so broad, or so high as they are represented in ancient History, since they were erected little more than a hundred years after the Flood by Nimrod or Belus, and his daughter-in-law Semiramis. On the banks of the Tigris, says One—On those of the Euphrates, says Another, while Both gravely describe them as encompassing an oblong square sixty miles in circumference, fortified with 1500 towers, 200 feet high. However this might be, Xerxes demolished the Remains of the Tower of Babel in a fit of Imperial madness, on his return from his expedition into Greece, and when the Persian Dynasty supplanted the Assyrian, Cyrus and his Successors depopulated Babylon by removing the seat of Empire to Shushan, Persepolis, or Ecbatana.

she was mistress of the World; and of the polished Empires of modern Europe which now totter upon the pinnacle of civilization.

Among the cavities that have been worn under the foundations of the Temple, by the continual rush of water, is the Grotto of Neptune, a string of caverns in whose deep Recesses the various effects of light and shade—sound and stillness, are infinitely contrasted.

They are said to have been the frequent resort of Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, Gaspard Poussin, Vernet, and other favourites of Nature—the Thomsons and the Grays of Painting.

The Cave of the Syrens is a profound Abyss into which I descended with difficulty and traced the foaming torrent through twining brakes and dripping caverns to its last headlong shoot.

The rocks of Tivoli, bordering the Anio, are evidently formed by a progressive deposition from the waters that descend immediately from the calcareous Mountains of the Apennines.

In an angle of one of the cavities that had been accidentally broke away I was shewn the channels that had been impressed by the spokes, the hub, and the fellies of a cart-wheel that must have been accidentally left upon the petrifying surface till it was involved in the growing crust.

On

On your way to the prostrate remains of the Temples and the Theatres—the Palaces and the Barracks of the Villa of Adrian, you are conducted by the Cicerone of the place to the ground arcade of the Palace of Mæcenæ, a Vault now partly subterraneous, fifty feet wide, and two hundred long, open on one side by a range of arches.

At the far end of this concavity the Mill Race that has turned the Wheels of the Iron and Copper Works near Tivoli, breaks into the grand arcade, and rushing violently over the broken masses that lie heaped upon the pavement, bursts out again on the side next the river, and falls perpendicularly several hundred feet, in a shower of spray.

This

This sight will not detain you long ; but the endless departments of the Villa of Adrian, spreading over a circuit of several miles, might amuse a curious Observer for days or even weeks.

On entering the great Gate-way the first thing that strikes the eye is the ground plan of a Theatre. In it may be still traced the Stage—the Orchestra—the Actors Apartments—and the Seats of the Spectators.

There are also within the walls remains of two other Theatres—of a Naumachia for the exhibition of Sea-Fights—A Hippodrome—A Gymnasium—and Public and Private Baths.

•

In

In the centre was the Imperial Palace. It was two stories high, and it is still surrounded with the Cento Celle or hundred Chambers of the Body Guards. They opened upon a sunken Area, were attained by bridges that could be withdrawn at pleasure, and had no communication with each other, to prevent insurrectionary combinations.

Behind the Palace were variously distributed the Library—the Schools for technical studies—and the Hall of the Stoics appropriated to philosophical disquisitions.

Around them, in various stages of decay, may still be traced Temples of Apollo—of Diana—of Serapis, an imaginary Deity borrowed from the Egyptians

tians by the still more superstitious Romans.

In some apartments of the Library beautiful Frescos and ornaments of stucco yet remain; and among these crumbling ruins have been found innumerable Vases, Statues, Candelabra, and other objects of Imperial luxury which had escaped the dilapidations of succeeding Emperors, and the more destructive occupancy of the Goths and Vandals, large Bodies of whom were often quartered in the ready Barrack of its endless apartments.

In the vicinity of this unparalleled Villa may still be traced the neighbouring Seats of Regulus—of Cassius—of Quintilius Varus.

Ten

Ten miles above Tivoli was the Farm of Horatius Flaccus, so often hinted at in the Epistles of the first of Satiric Poets. It is now one of the numerous Demesnes belonging to the Princes of the Family of Paul V.—A Line that has been more enriched by the Nepotism of their Predecessor, than any other of the Papal Houses.

The Casinos of the Cardinal Duca—Count Falconieri—the Duke de Bracciano—and three or four more, belonging to the Prince Borghese, adorn the beautiful slopes of Frascati. But it will not be worth while to go three miles out of my way to see them, as Italian Villas, laid out in the English taste, are puerile to those of England; and Palaces, in the formal style, are totally eclipsed

eclipsed by the Statues—the Vases—the Fountains—and the Trellises of Versailles and Fontainebleau.

I saw the sun go down upon the crumbling walls of the Villa of Adrian; and—at ten o'clock at night, as I sit in a large room, scantily furnished, and hung round with the scrawls of wandering Travellers, I hear the roar of the Anio, and my windows rattle with a rising blast that whistles through the shattered columns of the Temple of Vesta.—

It reminds me that I am alone—five thousand miles from my own fire-side.—

The thought is serious—It stops my rambling pen.—

Farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

*Obsequies of Pius VI.—Follies of the
Carnival.**Rome, March 18th. 1802.*

THE time was now come when the wish of our Landlord, who marked with pleasure my attention to the ceremonies of the Church, could be innocently gratified with an opportunity to shew his Guests the splendid functions of a Papal funeral.

The Body of Pius VI. had been craved of the Hero of Marengo, and granted by that obedient Son of the Church, at the request of his spiritual Father.

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K k

The

The Funeral Convoy had been long delayed by the officious zeal of the Towns within the Patrimony of St. Peter. They had vied with each other in celebrating over and over again, the soothing ceremonies of which the venerated Body had been deprived at its actual inhumation.

It was not till within four days of the *unholy* period of the Carnival that the Hearse and its Attendants arrived in the vicinity of Rome, where a little Chapel had been fitted up for its reception, without the Porta del Popolo. There it was lodged for the night and continual masses were said over it by officiating Priests that relieved each other in turn.

It

It was visited in the evening, incognito, by those Cardinals who owed to the Defunct their elevation to the Sacred College; and it would have been surrounded by all the Populace of Rome, if the Gate had not been kept shut, and nobody permitted to pass, without the consent of the Captain of the Guard.

This permission I obtained, among others, and on drawing the curtain of the Chapel, I beheld upon the floor a scarlet Pall, surmounted by the triple Crown.

Next day all the Clergy of Rome, except the living Pope, and the Members of the *Sacred College*, assembled in the three Churches of the Square, within the Porta del Popolo.

At

At the appointed hour the various orders of Monks and Canons in their respective habits, set out in procession for St. Peter's, holding in their hands lighted tapers, and chanting with united voices a funeral hymn.

The Body followed, under an ample Pall of cloth of gold, on which was placed the Papal Crown, supported by all the Nobility of the Roman State. The Cardinals that had been created by the deceased Pope, followed on horse-back, in mourning cloaks, as the Children of the spiritual Father. The Papal Troops brought up the rear, with their arms clubbed, and their drums muffled, beating the dead march.

After

After seeing the Procession from our windows in the Corso, I hastily crossed the empty streets to the Ponte Sesto, and approaching the Cathedral by the suburb of Trastevere had a picturesque view from the opposite Quai, of the scarlet Pall, slowly crossing the Bridge of St. Angelo, under the fire of minute-guns from the Castle, and the solemn tolling of the great Bell of St. Peter's.

Arrived within the Portico of the Church, the folding doors were thrown open, and the reigning Pope in episcopal vestments, attended by *the Sacred College*, advanced from a side Chapel, to receive the venerated Reliques of his Predecessor.

A solemn

A solemn intonation from the **Papal Band**, accompanied the Body to **the** upper end of the Nave, where it **was** lodged for the night, in the **Chapel** of the **Choir**.

Next morning the Coffin covered with cloth of gold, and surmounted by the Tiara, having been placed upon a funeral pile, thirty feet square, and as many high, was illuminated with a thousand lights; and at ten o'clock the catholic ceremonies, for the repose of the Dead, were as zealously repeated by the new Pope and Cardinals, as if the Deceased had recently departed for the World of Spirits.

Thus the Body lay in state three days, the same ceremonies being once repeated

ed by the Cardinals of his own creation, and once by the Canons of St. Peter's.

It was then privately inhumed in the wall of the South Aisle, opposite to the bronze Cenotaph of Innocent VIII. where a superb Monument is to be erected to his memory, as a mark of the gratitude of the Choir for the erection of the Vestry.

The Body of the unfortunate Pius was scarcely quiet in its new depository before the Populace of Rome danced over his grave, to the licentious measures of the Carnival—when five or six weeks in Catholic Countries are given up to the public exercise of every kind of foolery, and Theatrical exhibitions are permitted at Rome, though forbidden all the rest
of

of the year,' and never frequented by the Superior Clergy.

On the evenings of the last eight days there is a Horse-Race in the Corso, which an Antiquarian might venerate as a relique of the ancient Games of the Circus or the Hippodrome. A dozen Horses are then let loose among the Crowd to make their way to the Capitol, without Riders, spurred on by the flutter of tinsel points—the firing of cannon—and the shouts of the Populace, several of whom are generally overturned by them at every Course.*

Before

* The Strada del Corso measures near a mile in length, and it is usually run in 2 minutes and 20 seconds, making about 37 feet to a second: But Englishmen remark with conscious superiority, that at New Market, the course, of 4 English miles, has been completed in less than 7 minutes which is upwards of 50. But I would not be thought to approve this barbarous abuse of the noblest of those Animals which voluntarily attach themselves to the service of Man.

Before this tumultuous scene takes place the Nobility of Rome parade the Corso in their Coaches, and amuse themselves as much as the meanest Vulgar with contemptible exhibitions of Coachmen in petticoats—Huzzar Footmen—and Maccaronies of the Old School, strutting about in full-bottomed wigs, and bowing with the profoundest reverence to such Acquaintances, as they affect to distinguish in the Crowd, by peering at them through a hoop.

But all these jokes grew stale with repetition, while a sturdy Beggar excited continual merriment by vociferating in a masculine voice though tricked out in the rags and tatters of a female Vagabond, the well-known rigmarole of habitual Beggary. Dying with hunger—A sick
Vol. II. L 1 Husband—

Husband—Children starving—she entreated the charity of all good Christians, in the name of the blessed Virgin, and the holy Souls in Purgatory.

The Harlequins—the Scaramouches—the Punchinellos—and the Pantaloons were all in the sullens. They had been bound over to their good behaviour by the prohibition of masks—a disguise too dangerous to be permitted in this Age of Revolutions.

Simple Dominos were fain to stagger along as Drunkards—to hobble onwards under the affectation of some personal deformity—or, in women's clothes, to mince over the gutters, with the officious assistance of a Dwarf gallant.

On the last evening—as soon as the Race is over an expiatory Mass is said in the Church of Jesus, and next day begins the forty days of Lent which precede the ceremonies of Easter.

During this *Holy* time it is unlawful to eat flesh *without permission*; but a general dispensation was now published at Rome, I know not for what reason; and Sermons were preached to the People in many of the Churches. I was soon weary of the wry faces and violent contortions of Monkish oratory, to which an Italian Devotee pays unremitted attention. A Tillotson would lull him to sleep.

The other evening I rambled for exercise, or amusement, up the hill of
Monte

Monte Cavallo, to the beautiful though irregular Square of the Pontifical Palace. One side of it is formed by the Summer Residence of the Popes, another by the Apostolical Datary, a superb Edifice erected for the public Offices, but now converted into Lodgings for the Horse-guards. The third side is occupied by the Stables at a respectful distance below the proud elevation upon which Paul V. placed the celebrated Castor and Pollux of the Baths of Constantine, though the Statues are in many respects unworthy of being ascribed to Phidias and Praxiteles from the breath of common Fame.

The fourth side overlooks the town being open to the western horizon; and it now displayed a distant view of the
Dome

Dome of St. Peter's splendidly illuminated by the setting sun.

The Grooms were busy harnessing their Horses to the Pope's Coach, and superbly caparisoning the mottled Ass that was to bear the Cross before *his Holiness* on some official occasion.

Arrested by Curiosity, I lounged about the Courts of the Palace till the Procession was formed, taking notice among other things of the round Tower that has been erected under the orders of some meek and holy Pontiff to command the Gate-way. It is mounted with half a dozen brass cannon, and could readily clear the Piazza di Monte Cavallo of the insulting Throng of a sudden insurrection.

When

When the Cavalcade filed off I followed it down the hill to the magnificent Church of the Holy Apostles which has been already described.

Here there was a grand illumination of the Sacrament. The sparkling Ostensory was surrounded by a pyramidal exhibition of innumerable lights, in the brilliant radiations of suns and stars betwixt shining pyramids and blazing spires.

By this time the approaching dusk began to give to the splendid exhibition its utmost lustre, and when the Pope entered in an episcopal mitre, glittering with silver, a curtain was drawn that displayed a Figure of the Virgin, magnificently dressed, and to the shewy interlude

was

was added the accompaniment of vocal and instrumental music.

The Entertainment concluded with the solemn farce of the State Coach and bareheaded Postilions, which was devoured by a thousand eyes, while his equivocal Holiness drove off in a fit of laughter, excited by I know not what occurrence in this idle Exhibition.

A day or two after this our Landlady informed us, with an air of satisfaction, that Cardinal Zelada was dead; and that every body was going to see him laid out at his own house, previous to his lying in state at Church.

She was undoubtedly a good Catholic, for she always dropped upon her knees,
when

when the Pope rode by our windows : yet it is my opinion she would have been glad to hear of the decease of half the Members of the Sacred College, for the sake of seeing them all interred with Pontifical ceremony.

I knew his Eminence had been Secretary of State to the unfortunate Pius, and felt some habitual qualms at making matter of amusement out of the obsequies of a Man who had probably died of a broken heart.

We went however with the Multitude, sheltering ourselves under the prudential recommendation, " When you are at Rome, do as Rome does."

We

We found the House crowded with people, coming and going, and we would gladly have returned, if we could have done it with decency, without seeing the cadaverous exhibition.

The next day at Church the body was laid upon a bed of state, arrayed in episcopal vestments, with the mitre on its head, exactly in the style of the Effigies so often seen in France and England upon Gothic tombstones.

The walls of the Church were hung with black and gold, and the Pope's Band appeared in the Organ Loft, to begin a slow and solemn incantation, as soon as the Pontiff should be seated.

After the Funeral hymn, the Pope arose, and sprinkled with *holy water* the border of the scarlet bed—encircling the Body several times, with a sweeping Train of Priests and Prelates.

Their Eminencies withdrew from this humbling memento of what themselves must one day come to, deafened with confused cries of "Clear the Way! Clear the Way! for my Lord Cardinal!" and it was with difficulty they reached their Coaches across the inextricable confusion of trampling Horses, and rattling wheels, dodged by an impatient Mob that had waited for hours in the adjacent streets.

The rudeness of the Italian Populace is on these occasions barbarously gross,

I have had my coat singed with the pot of coals without which a Roman Slattern never goes from home in winter; and I have been pushed aside by a Cardinal's Footman with as much insolence as if he was making way for his Master; but when the Pope's Guards have been opening a passage through the crowd, by main force, I have been sometimes apprehensive of being squeezed to death; in a place where it would be felony, without benefit of Clergy, to strike a blow.

* * *

At the Easter Holidays—observed alike by the Jews, as the Feast of the Passover—and by Christians, as the Anniversary of the awful Sacrifice of the Son

Son of God, which was prefigured by that of the Paschal Lamb, funeral ceremonies are performed, upon *the Holy Eve*, in the Capella Sistina, under the deep-toned chant of the Papal Band, which on this occasion pours forth, in penetrating strains, the trembling *Miserere*.

The Capella Paulina is at the same time dimly lighted up for a mournful exhibition of the Holy Sepulchre; and an illuminated Cross is suspended in the air, beneath the Dome of St. Peter's; when the symbolic refulgence creates sublime effects of light and shade—glittering upon the gilded ceiling—running into obscurity in the recesses of the Chapels—dying away in the hemisphere of the Dome—and fading by degrees on
the

the sides of the Nave in the weaker and weaker reflections of diagonal radiation.

All this we shall miss by leaving Rome a month too soon; and two months later, on the Festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, we might see the Illumination of the Colonnade, the Façade, and the Dome itself—blazing with innumerable lights; and behold the Girandola of St. Angelo, an explosion of five thousand Rockets—that shoot at once into the air and fill the atmosphere with sparkling corruscations.

Before I quit the Papal Metropolis I must crave forgiveness of my Protestant Brethren, for speaking of the Sovereign Pontiff, in the established style of etiquette.

etiquette. The *holiness* of an unholy Pope indicates no more, in the courtly nomenclature of Europe, than the *grace* of an ungracious Duke, or the *serenity* of a passionate Prince. Do we not read within the covers of our own Bibles of "that *sanctified* Person, the *most high* "and *mighty* Prince, James, *by the grace* "of God," &c. and even in America, under the authority of no General Council —under the prescription of no Established Church, is not the adulatory phraseology repeated, to this day, throughout innumerable Editions? I hope, however, it will not be long before American Editors will venture to omit the whole Apocryphal Book of the Epistle Dedicatory. I have marked the exceptionable phrases in Italics, as the words of *other People*, though I flatter myself that

that my opinion of their import has been too strongly indicated to admit of their being considered as *my own*.

My Catholic Readers, especially in America, will demand, and deserve, a more serious apology; for the freedom with which I have exhibited the real, or supposed errors of the Church of Rome. I well know that the Roman Catholics in the United States are justly considered as good Citizens, and pious Christians, particularly at Philadelphia; where the name of Harding, their late venerable Pastor, is often coupled, in Philanthropic recollections, with that of his revered Contemporary, Benezet.— If Many of them have been heretofore unacquainted with Ecclesiastical History, and Many more have qualified, in America,

rica, their religious, as well as their Political, creed, I beg them to remember that the revival of Historic truths, (however unwelcome) is not, wilful defamation: The same darkness involved Church, and State—Religion, and Philosophy, during the long interval between the Decline of the Roman Empire and the Revival of Letters; and the Catholics of the Nineteenth Century, are no more responsible for the Inventions of the Ninth, than are the modern Presbyterians for the intolerance of their Forefathers.

LETTER XXVII.

*Journey from Rome to Lyons—Passage
of Mount Cenis.*

Lyons, April 15th. 1802.

WE left Rome, with regret, the 19th. of March, with a Vettorino who was to take us to Florence for eight Sequins, [a Roman Coin worth about two Dollars] though he had first asked as many Louis d'Ors, according to the laudable custom of the Country.

We had for company a German Rider, or travelling agent for a Manufacturing House, who could speak, for aught I know, all the languages of Europe; yet

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whether he expressed himself in English, French, or German, his pronunciation and phraseology was always that of his Mother Tongue.

He observed himself that it was a physical impossibility for a German to pass for any thing else ; though by the way, an American is an Englishman at London, and, with a French tongue in his head, may readily pass for a Frenchman in Italy, and an Italian in France.

I have known a Frenchman that would have been taken for an Englishman in London, and I once met with an English Rider in Switzerland that might have passed himself for a Frenchman at Paris, or a German at Vienna.

When

When we arrived upon the Frontiers our Fellow Traveller used to divert himself and us by rattling over his name, Johann Rudolph Schalch, to the inquiring Centinels ; when the astonished Interrogator, after two or three ineffectual repetitions, generally handed the redoubtable German, pen, ink and paper, to be his own Amanuensis.

He was full six feet high—his physiognomy was German—and with his cocked hat, and pistols, he passed, no doubt; among the chicken-hearted Italians for a disbanded Officer, that might have served under General *Suwarrow*, or Field Marshal *Wurmsur* : But no man is a hero to his Valet de Chambre : Our Vettorino soon discovered that the doughty German was

as easily frightened as any body in his Voiture ; and the Fellow frequently diverted himself with covert but intelligible references to the well known indications of timidity, upon a road infamous for assassinations.

Our Hero had been to Palermo to see the king of the two Sicilies, upon some business relating to his Manufactures.

He described to us in opprobrious terms the worthless vices of the Populace of Sicily, and the slatternly inactivity of the Ladies, in a Country that swarms with vermine.

Sicilian Wheat has been famous from the earliest Ages of Civilization ; and
both

both in size and flavour the Grapes, the Figs, the Pomegranates, the Oranges, and the Pine Apples of Sicily are all that we imagine of the Island of Calypso, from the Fables of Fenelon; or that the Youth of America so often realize, to their cost, amid the verdant insalubrity of the Western Archipelago.

A letter of introduction from Prince Charles, the philosophic Arch-Duke of the Austrian Family, had procured his Countryman the honour of a personal interview, with his Royal Brother-in-Law: But when his Neapolitan Majesty, had sufficiently conned over the brief, he *graciously* signified that *he did not understand such business*; and, without further notice, referred his Petitioner to
General

General Acton—an English Gentleman who has long spared the Sovereign of the two Sicilies, the fatiguing cares of administration.

Until we reached Sienna, the full blow of Spring upon the Groves and Hedges, promised us a favourable passage across the Apennines: but a heavy snow had fallen a few days before, between Sienna and Florence. It had however nearly melted away before we reached the Capital of Tuscany, converted into Etruria by the Metamorphosists of France.

Arriving at Florence before dark, I ran down to the Arno, as soon as we alighted, recollecting that it opened to the west; and was amply rewarded with the
sight

sight of a glowing sky.—A brilliant orange melting into a pea-green, of the most vivid transparency, was richly irradiated from behind a ridge of mountains, upon the distant horizon, empurpled with the fairy tinge of an Italian atmosphere.

Here we reposed several days—revisited the interesting objects we had already admired—and inquired for those we had missed seeing before.

The Town was unusually gay with the Festival of San Giovanni, and the northern Hero, who was still a Bachelor, had like to have lost his heart at last among the straw hats and blue ribands of the Peasants Daughters.

We

We set out again with a new *Vettorino*, better acquainted with the *Apenines*, over which we were now to *toil*; and we gladly reached before night the hospitable *Caravansera* that occupies the central level—bleak and solitary as a *Siberian Desert*.

Snow lay fathoms deep in the gullies, and the melting of that which had till then covered the road, had just yielded, to a religious Fraternity, the melancholy satisfaction of interring in holy ground the unfortunate Travellers who had lost their way during the winter, and perished under drifting snows.

One of the Dead Bodies was carried along as we approached the Inn, or rather Stable, where, as in many other places

places, even in the Plains of Italy, Horses are accommodated on the first floor, and their Riders on the second.

We willingly arose the next morning, before day-break, to descend from the rugged back-bone of the Apennines; and as we traversed a barren heath we beheld at a distance a Volcanic flame that pierces through a bed of sand.

Soon afterward we entered the first town of the Bolognese, now part of the Cisalpine Republic, and were sufficiently fretted by the particularity rather than the insolence of the Novices at the Custom-House, who knew not what to make of the trunk full of nick-nacks I had brought away from Rome. They would

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have taken me for a Pedlar of small wares, on his way to the next Fair, if our German Fellow Traveller had not assured them that *I was an American Gentleman travelling for his amusement.*

This examination passed us on to Bologna, where I was obliged to make a regular entry of my Prints and Marbles ; and to pay down the duty upon actual consumption, before I could be permitted to take them across the Country.

At the frontier Dogana however the money was to be restored to me upon a certificate: but the signature of Authority would certainly have stood me in no stead, if a Republican Officer for whom we had then exchanged the German Rider—boiling with professional and constitutional

stitutional impatience, had not peremptorily insisted on the suspicious Clerk's complying with the requisition of his Constituent at Bologna.

The next town was in the Duchy of Parma, and here I prepared myself for another attack: but we were suffered to pass on to the Capital; and there a trifling *douceur* secured us from insult and inconvenience.

The next morning as we quitted the place we met a penitential Procession of the Host. It was carried by a Priest under an umbrella, and followed by a multitude of People, decently dressed, and chanting devout hymns, with a degree of zeal warm enough to kindle religious fervour
in

in any bosom not chilled with professed Unbelief.

At Placentia we quitted the Milan road to reach Turin by a nearer route.

The rugged Chain of the Alps, white with everlasting snow, is visible from the Plains of Marengo, though not less than fifty miles distant, and in the shining barrier of this natural amphitheatre, the eye can trace at once the descent of Hannibal—of Buonaparte—and of Suwarrow, from the distant peaks of Mount Viso—St. Bernard—and St. Gothard, whenever their aspiring summits are not enveloped with clouds.

Twenty or thirty miles travelling brings you to Turin, a small but regular

lar City, that was supposed to have been enclosed with impregnable fortifications till the irresistible Corsican proved their insufficiency.

The abdicated Court occupied itself solely with an established routine of military exercises, and devotional ceremonies. The most remarkable object therefore to be seen at Turin is the stupendous Chain of the Alps, still twenty or thirty miles distant, though apparently so near that it might be supposed to terminate the outlets of some of the linear streets.

The romantic perspective of one of them exhibits the icy crags of Mount Viso, from whose majestic summit of ten thousand feet, Hannibal encouraged

ed his fainting Troops with a sight of the Plains of Lombardy, descended to Pinarolum, like a roaring torrent, or a falling Avalanche—and defeated the Roman Legions under the Consul Scipio, who met the Destroyer on the banks of the Ticinus.

This incursion of the Carthaginians—one of the most astonishing circumstances of ancient History, is not eclipsed even by the recent passage of St. Bernard—a presumptive impossibility, till it was achieved by the impetuous French.*

Turin

* In the midst of winter, 200 years before Christ, Hannibal, though but twenty-six years of age, at the beginning of the Second Punic War, set sail from Septa, the modern Ceuta, in Africa with 50,000 Foot, 9,000 Horse, and 40 Elephants; and landed at Torifa, one of the Pillars of Hercules, now called the Streights of Gibraltar. From hence he passed, through Spain, to the Camp of Spartorius, where he was joined by 50,000 Foot, and

Turin now swarms with French Troops, as a 105th Department of the

3,000 Horse. Marching from Carthago Nova, now Carthagena, with an Army of 82,000 Foot, 12,000 Horse, and 40 Elephants, he entered Gaul, passed the Rhone near Avenio, now Avignon, transporting his Elephants upon floats of timber, covered with earth; and ascended the Alps at Mount Viso. He reached the summit in nine days, with incredible difficulty, being strenuously opposed by the Gauls who had posted themselves upon the heights, and with horrid outcries tumbled rocks and stones upon the heads of the Invaders, already fainting with fatigue. It was now Autumn, and snow had begun to fall, which greatly impeded the march, the difficulties of which increased at every step, for when they began to descend upon ice and snow the Beasts of burden frequently slipped down and swept away all before them. At length they came to a precipice a thousand feet deep, which would have proved an insurmountable bar to their further progress if Hannibal had not opened a circuitous passage for his Troops, and thus surmounted the stupendous barrier of Italy. Scipio after having in vain attempted to stem the descending torrent retreated to Sempronius, who had hastened to his assistance from the Fleet in the Mediterranean, and made a second stand behind the Trebia, a river that falls into the Po above Placentia. Here victory again declared for the Invader, though crossing the river in rain and snow, he lost all his Elephants but one. The Conqueror wintered at Placentia; but attempting to cross the Apennines too early in the Spring, he was forced by cold and hunger to return; yet the indefatigable Carthaginian, again discomfited Sempronius, who had by this time returned from Rome, with fresh Troops. Hannibal now again climbed the Apennines, and wading with equal difficulty through a deep morass, mounted himself upon the only Elephant that had survived the winter, he attacked and routed

the indefinite Republic—*one and indivisible*; the dismantled Ramparts are crowded

Flaminius, the new Consul, encamped upon the Lake of Trasymenus. The field of Battle is a swampy Plain, in the middle of which is a Bridge, still called Ponte Sanguinetto from the effusion of blood spilt there two thousand years ago. Seven miles from hence, toward Rome is the village of Ossaia, so called from the Human bones that are found in its vicinity; and in the neighbouring Cathedral of Cortona is still preserved an ancient Sarcophagus, embossed with the Battle of the Lapithes against the Centaurs, supposed to have been the Tomb of the unfortunate Consul, who perished with 15,000 Romans, on the fatal day. The Senate now created a Dictator to save the Republic from the danger with which it was threatened; but Hannibal, having reached Apulia by a circuitous route, baffled the prudent Fabius, and with 40,000 Foot and 10,000 Horse, the remains of the hundred thousand, with which two years before he had set out from Spain, the victorious Carthaginian again conquered at Cannæ, the dispirited Romans 80 or 90,000 strong; when, if Polybius may be credited, 76,000 Combatants remained upon the Field—perhaps the greatest number of Human Beings that ever perished in a single battle. Hannibal, instead of pursuing the Fugitives to the astonished Capital, quartered his Troops, for the winter, in the city of Capua, vainly expecting a reinforcement from Carthage to enable him to attack Rome, in the spring, with some probability of success. Stung with disappointment and regret, as soon as the season permitted, the Conqueror marched his little army, almost annihilated by repeated Victories, to the Gates of Rome; from whence he withdrew, after the fruitless bravado, and was soon recalled to Carthage, where Scipio Africanus, who had himself fled before Hannibal, in the plains of Lombardy, afterward revenged the Romans upon the Ravager of Italy.

crowded with Priests and Friars, who have no where been displaced by the politic Subjugator of the South; and every tenth Person you meet in the streets, incredible as it may appear, is lame, bandy-legged, or otherwise distorted with goitrous excrescences, or defective limbs.

I engaged a French Voiturin to take us over Mount Cenis, to Lyons; and we seemed again among old acquaintances when on getting into the Voiture, we were saluted by two French Gentlemen who were returning, like ourselves from Italy, and who yielded us the back seat with characteristic politeness.

One of them however alarmed us with horrid tales of robbery and murder, indeed so frequently did one accompany the other in France and Italy, at one period of the Revolution, that the word assassination has ever since been used as synonymous with robbery.

He had himself been fired at in a Voiture, when travelling before daylight, upon this very road. His Companions fell dead at the first onset, and he only escaped himself by falling upon the bottom of the Carriage, and being dragged out for dead.

About noon we passed the Convent of St. Michael, perched upon the very pinnacle of a stupendous rock: In whose antiquated Recesses we were told two

or

or three superannuated Benedictines were still permitted to celebrate harmless Masses for the restoration of their Catholic Sovereign.

Many of the neighbouring heights are romantically tipped with dismantled Fortresses, and near Zaconiero we rode under the proud Castle of St. George.

At Susa, the ancient Segesium, famous in modern History for a bloody battle called the Pas de Suse, we took additional horses to drag us up the foot of the Alps; and after mounting for an hour we entered a winding valley, along which ran the road for several miles.

By

By this time it grew dark, and the novelty of our situation received additional interest, from the evening anthems that rose, as we passed through little villages, in devout aspirations from their humble choirs.

The moon-light now began to reflect from the rocks, and an hour after night we reached Novalezza, a wretched village inhabited by Guides and Porters, at the foot of Mount Cenis.

Here I again ran the gantlope with the Officers of the Customs, while supper was preparing in one room, and the Voiturin was chaffering with half the People of the place in another.

The

The wind blew so violently, that, it was impossible to kindle a fire in our chamber for the whirling eddy that rushed from the mountain.

Next morning we set forward, wretchedly mounted, upon Mules, and Asses, each having a Conductor on foot.

We knew we were to pass through a temporary winter, and were already threatened by a piercing wind. We had therefore swaddled ourselves with all the clothes in our wardrobe, and every one's hat was tied on with a handkerchief.

Accordingly when we had ascended for an hour by a zigzag path, the wind began to blow with almost irresistible violence,

violence, and the Conductors would fain have persuaded *a certain unpersuadable Personage* to ride astride, for fear she should be blown off of the saddle. To Those who know her I need not add that she kept her position, and was probably the first Woman that ever ascended Mount Cenis upon a side-saddle.

We now approached an aerial Village, the squalid Inhabitants of which were sadly disfigured with wens and goitres, and soon entered upon the snows that cover the remainder of the ascent, eleven months in the year—a fit resort of Bears and Wolves that often follow the Mules of solitary Passengers to feed upon their dung. They are sometimes seen at a distance, hunting the small white Hares that inhabit these dreary regions.

A mile or two on, there is a covered passage, through which alone it is possible to pass when the snow is drifted, and a mile or two more of difficult and often dangerous ascent lands you upon the crown level, a kind of valley between rugged summits, nine miles over.

In the middle of this plain is the post-house, sanctified with a wooden cross. Here we refreshed ourselves with Fish and Eggs. There being a lake in the plain that produces excellent Trout.

Near it is a little Hospital, served by two Priests, who charitably reside in this dreary situation, to administer relief

lief to those who meet with accidents upon the Mountain.

The day was fine—a glorious sun now rendered us less sensible of cold, and we rode on in good spirits to the brow of the descent, where some Peasants waited to conduct us down the steep declivity, in sleds.

One of them sat at our feet to guide, or to retard, the rapid conveyance, and another stood behind, like a Plough-boy, to direct the descent.

The apparatus was terrific, as it was to convey us down a gulph frowning with forked firs, to which we could see no bottom, but we trusted ourselves once more to unavoidable dangers, and
in

in five minutes we jumped out at Lans-lebourg, a short league from the acry summit, from which we had literally flown.

In the steepest part of the descent we were confined by necessity to a zigzag direction, in turning the angles of which we narrowly escaped launching over the precipice, and on reaching the foot of the Mountain, where the snow suddenly failed, it required the utmost exertion to save us from being thrown headlong upon stumps and stones.

New vexations awaited us à la Douane de la République the Officers of which not only tumbled over my ill-fated pavol II. Q q raphernalia;

lonely towers, had already fallen to decay when Savoy was involved in the vortex of the Revolution.

Next morning we set out again by day-break, impatient to get from under overhanging mountains; and by ten o'clock we reached the rude and naked rocks called Les Echelles, or the Ladders, because formerly the perpendicular precipice could only be scaled by the help of rope-ladders, ascending walls of rock, and leading through frightful crannies and winding crevices.

But the traveller may now descend at his ease, on horse-back, or in a Carriage, by a road called La Grotte, which was cut through the solid rock by Charles Emmanuel in 1670.

Not

Not far from this astonishing passage was situated the romantic Abbey called the Grande Chartreuse, where at the bottom of a sequestered glen, Superstition had long displayed the Cross of St. Bruno, planted on a spiral rock.

In this extensive Convent there were separate apartments allotted for Pilgrims and Travellers from all the Nations of Christendom; and in the Library was kept an Album that had been filled with the effusions of genius, and the offerings of gratitude in all the languages of Europe.

But the self-denying Carthusians have been driven from their cells, and the Convent and the Album no longer exist,

ist, but in the visions of Poets and the Romances of Travellers.

The Country now began to open into Fields and Plains, and at the close of another day, we alighted, like People glad to get home again, at our former Lodgings in the Place Bellecour.

Lyons, the Lugdunum of the ancient Romans, was built by them in a fertile and extensive valley, at the confluence of two navigable rivers; the Soane, springing from the interior of France, and the Rhone, flowing, with accelerated swiftness, from the Mountains of Switzerland.

United they form one of the principal Rivers of the European Continent,
that

that runs from Lyons, a hundred and fifty miles due south, as the North River of America descends from Albany. The former, however, is to this day, only occupied by flat-bottomed Batteaux, or ill-constructed Barques little better than the temporary Flotillas that convey lumber from the Back Woods of Pennsylvania. The latter is already crowded with sharp Wherries, and tight Shallops of the neatest construction in the World.

The modern Lyons is a town of a hundred thousand Souls, so closely wedged in between the two rivers that the narrow Streets are scarcely pervious to the mid-day Sun, between Houses piled up seven or eight stories high; yet some of them unexpectedly open upon
the

the ample area of the Place Bellecour, once the most ornamented Promenade in a Country remarkable for the finest Public Squares upon Earth.*

The Place Bellecour had long excited the envy of the Capital, and when the loyalty of Lyons incurred Revolutionary vengeance, the interior row of elegant edifices which surrounded this Magnificent Quadrangle was sacrificed to the Demon of Destruction.

Their remains* still cover each end of the extensive area with hills of ruin,
not-

* When his Imperial Majesty Joseph II. visited his afterward unfortunate Sister, Maria Antonietta of Austria, then Queen of France, entering on his way to Paris, the august Amphitheatre formed by Art and Nature around the Place de Perou, he drew back astonished, and could not forbear whispering to his German Attendants, *Quel dommage que cette Place soit a Montpellier !* [What a pity such a Square as this should be at Montpellier !]

notwithstanding the World has been pompously advertised that the Hero of France had again laid the corner-stone of this proud Square, on his return from Marengo.

But the centre is still large enough for the wheeling evolutions of whole Squadrons of Horse, with which every Decadi it is actually enlivened; and on one side of it is an umbrageous Promenade, which is constantly crowded from noon till night with Walkers and Talkers, who furnish each other with the usual amusements of restless, or communicative leisure.

*Occupé (says Boileau) à ne rien faire.**

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* Busy a doing nothing.

LETTER XXVIII.

Journey to Paris—Consular Review, &c.

Paris, May 25th. 1802.

AT Lyons my dear B—— had a severe attack of bilious fever that detained us there a month. We had large and convenient apartments at the Hotel du Midi, and were quite at home as to domestic arrangements.

On holidays I frequently went to an old Gothic Church in the neighbourhood, where the Catholic worship had been lately restored; and was there often edified by the zeal of the Poor,
who

who flocked in Crowds, again to unite with a surpliced Choir, in songs of prayer and praise.

The personal neatness of the French formed a pleasing contrast to the slovenliness of the People so disgusting in the Churches of Italy: But the Souls of the habitual Choristers were discordantly attuned. They frequently smiled at one another in their novel metamorphosis; and their white robes, emblematic of spotless purity, were often as much soiled as they usually are in an English Cathedral—where it seems to be thought unnecessary to put clean surplices upon the Singing Boys, because in England nobody attends the obsolete performance of the Choral service.

On

On the 10th. of May we again set out, now taking the road through the Bourbonnois, as we had already traversed the vine-covered hills of Burgundy.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the Journey, which consisted of the usual ups and downs—pains and pleasures—fatigue and repose, across a Territory diversified, as usual, with neglect and cultivation—country and town.

Romantic ideas were rekindled by the antiquated walls of the Gothic Castle, with its appendant Chapel, shaded with coeval elms, in which, in the days of Chivalry, had resided the Chevalier Bayard—the pink of Knighthood; and the walls of the neighbouring Inn were
hung

hung with Family Portraits from the dilapidated Chateau.

The towns we now passed through began to resemble those of England, enough to remind us of English contiguity ; and every thing wore the face of returning to objects we had been used to contemplate, with personal affection, or national partiality.

As we passed through the Forest of Fontainebleau, by the light of a brilliant Moon, our baggage jolted off without notice, as we rattled over the pavement, and when we stopped, on discovering the disaster, to gather up our Trunks again, as they lay scattered about the road, some ill Fellows passed by in a Cabriolet, who abused us for Thieves, and would
probably

probably have shared the pretended booty if they had thought themselves strong enough to have taken it from us by force.

Next day we approached the *good* City of Paris, by the banks of the Seine, which are here beautifully ornamented with cheerful Villages, and superb Noblemen's Seats, the remains of anti-revolutionary grandeur. Among them we were shewn the delightful Retreat from which the unhappy Foulon had been dragged to the fermenting Capital, his mouth stuffed with straw, to expiate, à la lanterne, the unpardonable outrage he had uttered, or was said to have uttered, against the majesty of the Many-headed Monster.

The

The wretched Father must have met upon the road, with sensations undescribable, the head of his Son-in-Law, hoisted on a pole, round which the civilized Cannibals of Paris were dancing çà-ira, with savage yells.

But the storm is now blown over—the approaches of the Metropolis of France are no longer strewn with fallen trunks and mangled limbs—the Banks of the Seine again smile with the rays of a temperate Sun, and display once more the grateful appearances of peace and plenty.

Our old Lodgings on the Boulevards were not to be had, and as we only meant to look about us and away, I took a Suit of Rooms upon the Square of the Carousel, being the only tolerable apartments

ments I could there find vacant, for the sake of fronting the Consular Palace, through the Hall of which we might pass at will, with every body else of decent appearance, into the Gardens of the Thuilleries, connecting across the Place de la Revolution with the Elysian Fields, and the adjacent country, towards the Bois de Boulogne, and the Hills of St. Cloud; so that here, in the heart of a crowded Metropolis, you may enjoy the air, and the openness of a Rural Retirement.

Only three doors from us however begins the narrow Rue Nicaise, where, but a few days before we arrived, a keg of powder had been blown up in a cart that purposely obstructed the passage, at the moment when the First Consul was
going

going in his Coach toward the Opera. The Carriage however had brushed by and left the adjacent houses to suffer the destruction in which it was intended to have been involved.

Bonaparte betrayed no signs of discomposure on the occasion; and spent the same evening at the Opera Comique, which he was so near passing upon *that undiscovered Bourne from whence no Traveller returns.*

The Court of the Thuilleries now again exhibits all the parade of Royalty—over the grave of the unfortunate Lewis. Once or twice a week it rings with the Coaches of the Heads of Departments—Ministers from Foreign Courts—and Strangers of rank, who crowd the Con-

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sular Levee, ambitious of beholding the first Man in Europe. Once or twice a month its walls reverberate with the drums and trumpets of eight or ten thousand regular Troops, always stationed in the vicinity of Paris.

On these occasions the Palace swarms with impatient Spectators, who are then only admitted by tickets, difficult to be procured, except, as formerly, by the favour of a Kept Mistress, or a Valet de Chambre; and the Place de Carousel teems with the good People of Paris, whilst within the Balustrade that fronts the long Façade, the First Consul, mounted on a milk-white Charger, in a cocked hat and green coat—the uniform of his Body Guards, attended by his Staff Officers, in blue and gold, their horses superbly

perbly caparisoned, gallops along the Ranks—divides them to the right and left—or stops their rapid evolutions to distinguish a Fellow-Soldier of the Army of the Alps, the Apennines, or the Pyrenees—of the Rhine, or of the Nile, by presenting him with a sword of honour which creates the Mercenary, for life, the rampart of his person, or the instrument of his will.

A few days since this hopeful Son of the Church, catolique, apostolique, et Romaine, absolved, by the Genius of Victory, from every sin, was received by the Constitutional Clergy at the great door of Notre Dame, and conducted to a throne, opposite to that of the Bishop, or Archbishop, of Paris: for I do not recollect whether it has been judged consistent with
the

the policy of state to re-create the Metropolitan Order of the Priesthood, though the obligation of celibacy has not been thought materially to controvert the equal privileges of *Les Citoyens de La République Française*. Here the Commander in Chief assisted at High Mass, and heard with devout attention a political Sermon pronounced by the ci-devant Archbishop of Aix—the same accommodating Prelate who, twenty years before, had congratulated Lewis XVI. upon his accession to the Throne of his Ancestors.

Instead of dining constantly at home we frequently take a morning walk along the Seine, through the range of gardens before described, and dine at a *Traiteur's*, in the Elysian Fields, where any thing you order is served up in five minutes.

After

After dinner we stroll into the country, or—as we are grave, or gay, we amuse ourselves for an hour or two in the Picture Gallery—or contemplate, with humbling sensations, the monuments preserved from Revolutionary fury in the Cloisters of the Augustines.

Sometimes we perambulate the circling Boulevards to the Jardin des Plantes—sometimes we engage a Chariot to drive to Vincennes or St. Denis—and sometimes we take a boat to St. Cloud.

When we were here before, a silver key would open the Ducal Palace: but now it is fitting up for the residence of the new Sovereign—for whose state the Pavilion of Mal Maison has become too confined.

The

The next step forward will take the First Consul to Versailles: as the retrograde motions of the Revolution brought his Royal Predecessor from Versailles to St. Cloud—and from St. Cloud—to the Prisons of the Temple.

We miss some agreeable Companions, with whom we before visited these interesting scenes; and to-morrow—satisfied with Paris, we set out in a Post Chariot, for the Pas de Calais.

LETTER XXIX.

*Journey from Paris to London, across
the Straits of Dover.*

London, June 10th. 1802.

THE Fellow that brought the Chaise from the Remise (just long enough after the time appointed to give the Post Boy a claim upon us for delay) tied our Trunk between the fore-wheels, so well that it should soon shake itself loose, and create a quarrel with the next Post Boy, conscientiously charged me two crowns for the rope, and when I referred to the Landlord against the bare-faced imposition—he was quite ignorant of the value—according to the
laudable

laudable custom of the Old Countries, where no Bystander will ever interfere on an appeal against extortion.

We now rattled for the last time through the streets of Paris, without any occasion to regret the disinterested Friends we were leaving behind us; and rolled through the Gate of St. Denis, the superb memorial of the pride or the prowess of Louis le Grand, without ever wishing to behold a similar Trophy erected in the Streets of Philadelphia: for (a word in the ear of my American Reader) the Gates of the modern Capitals of Europe, no longer defended by their walls, are huge masses of brick or stone, which serve no purpose whatever, unless the unnecessary one of blocking
up

up the crowded Highway; and if either St. Denis or Temple-Bar were at the entrance of Market Street, they would certainly be removed as troublesome incumbrances.

After climbing up the tedious Suburb of Mont-Martre, and clearing the Barriere, we galloped with the headlong rapidity of a French Postillion, along the level pavement that leads directly to St. Denis, between a double row of lofty Elms which have happily withstood the whirlwind of the Revolution.

The approach of St. Denis is peculiarly interesting from the Gothic Spires of the Benedictine Abbey, in the long-drawn Aisle of whose gloomy Chapel,

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from age to age, and from generation to generation—

*Under the high embowed roof,
With storied arches massy proof,**

reposed the Capets, and the Bourbons, of a thousand years; until its marble sanctuaries were profaned with Revolutionary sacrilege, by incarnate Furies, violating the asylum of the grave.

The town itself is mean and unpromising, its dark and dirty streets being always crowded with the Cabriolets and Fiacres of Paris: for at St. Denis, even before the Revolution, nothing was princely but the Mass Priests, that prayed their repenting Princes out of the pangs of purgatory, of whose pains and penalties

* Milton.

penalties the Bourbons were in general piously apprehensive, and prudently deprecatory.

We reached Chantilly time enough for an evening walk among the frowning ruins of the Castle, whose premature dilapidation, under the unsparing hand of a mercenary Purchaser, will not suffer one stone upon another to survive its last Princely Possessor—now a wandering Exile.

But a Bridge once defended by Cannon still vaults over the Fossé, and exhibits to the returning Emigrant an Equestrian Statue of a Condé, or a Montmorenci, vainly brandishing the abdicated truncheon of a Maréchal of France; and the moated Tower is not yet prostrated

trated in which the Royal Lewises were wont to lodge, if they visited their Princely Cousin on their way to Compeigne, when the Grand Monarques rolled along, in State Coaches, through admiring Crowds, preceded by Running Footmen—followed by Led Horses—and surrounded with Body Guards.

Half way between Paris and Calais we again passed through Amiens, the Capital of Picardy, become famous since we first saw it by the tardy Treaty which has given peace to the World, after a war that had depopulated, dismembered or revolutionized the fairest Realms in Europe—overturned the richest Colonies of Asia, Africa, and America, and involved within its whelming vortex the remotest Nations of the Globe.

We

We arrived in the dusk of the evening, and I spent the glimmering twilight in solitary contemplation, around the venerable Cathedral, which is one of the finest Gothic Structures in the World.

As you approach this imposing Edifice, the long rows of flying buttresses, grey with moss, and consecrated by the emblems of Christianity, impress the spectator with awe and terror; and at the west end—the foot of the prostrate cross, the fretted battlements and airy pinnacles, terminating at unequal heights, produce an effect of mystical illusion unknown to the regularity of Grecian ordonnance; while in the centre a broad arcade contracting, within the thickness of the walls, to the just dimensions of a Gothic doorway, exhibits, instead of clustered pillars,

rets, a host of Saints and Angels, aspiring to the glorified Redeemer.

This door is only opened at the celebration of High Mass. We must go round to that of the South Transept to enter the hallowed pile. There a little wicket opens at once upon the ribbed arcade, whose conic height, abruptly terminates, in the deep refulgence of a circular window, forty feet diameter, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow, which penetrate in radiant spangles, through the entortillated perforations of Gothic filligree.

Between Amiens and Abbeville we met a number of English Post Chaises, and two or three Coaches and Four, driving gayly to Paris, under the protection
of

of Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, who had been welcomed to France with joyful acclamations; and all the Beggars of the Department were now collected upon the Calais road, to salute the Mi Lor's with, "Madame! et
"Monsieur! l'effet de votre bonté. Je
"vous en prie—Nous mourons de faim."*
&c. &c.

The Nobility and Gentry of *the seagirt Isle*, happy to get again upon the Continent, from which they had been so long excluded, took the bowing Crowd at their word, for the honour of Old England; and generally threw out an *écû* or a *pièce de cinq francs*, as they drove away from the Post House.

The

* Gentlemen and Ladies, a little charity if you please—We are dying with hunger.

The circumstance was unfavourable for us, who were besieged with equal importunity, though we were going the contrary way, and had been long enough in France to know that nobody was starving.

As we entered into Abbeville, a large manufacturing place, the Postillion's Bidet fell down, and the Boy proved to demonstration the utility of Jack Boots, of which I should otherwise have left France without having been convinced, by drawing his leg unhurt from under the Horse's side.

He was mounted again in a twinkling; and at the Post House door he left us a prey to the Beggars, male and female, that collected from all quarters on hearing a Chaise drive up.

Here

Here I unluckily affronted the whole irascible Tribe by pettishly advising one of them, with a Child in her arms, to go home, and mind her business; and we only escaped being mobbed through the streets of this hospitable town by hurrying the Postillion, and driving off full gallop.

The Barrière brought us up, and as another herd of Raggamuffins surrounded us here also, and teased us all the time we were making change, I asked the Toll-Gatherer if there was no means of preventing such a troublesome imposition upon Strangers. "Non Monsieur," was the answer. On which I assured him they would find the way to stop it in England. "Je le crois bien,"* replied he.

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U u

At

* I make no doubt of it.

At the next village I asked a well-dressed Man that stood by whether the People of the Place were all Beggars; and on his replying in the negative, I advised him, for the credit of the Town, to disperse the imposing Rabble, among whom there was not a single one that could plead old age or decrepitude.

Montreuil is situated upon a commanding eminence, and strongly fortified, though it was taken by the celebrated Duke of Marlborough when he ravaged the Low Countries.

Midway between the modern Sea-Ports of Bologne and Calais, was situated the Iccius Portus, from whence Julius Cæsar embarked for Britain.

Calais

Calais having been taken from the French by Edward III. against whom it had been gallantly defended as we learn from the story of Eustache de St. Pierre, which has been celebrated by Poets and Painters, remained in the hands of the English two hundred years; when the Duke of Guise retook it, by stratagem, in 1558, the last year of Queen Mary.

Here we drove to the Hotel d'Angleterre, celebrated by Sterne, under the name of its then Proprietor Dessein. It is probably the most spacious and convenient Inn upon the Continent, containing within itself a Billiard Room—a Coffee House—a Theatre, &c. &c.

Next morning we cleared ourselves out at the Custom-House, and took our
passage

passage in a French Packet-Boat. The English not being permitted to take Passengers from Calais.

There were a great many People aboard, and when the Officers came to search for money, more than ten Louis d'Ors being prohibited under pain of forfeiture, they complimented us by taking our word for it, though they searched their own Country People with suspicious rigour.

The wind blew fresh at north-east, and in half an hour's time we were all sea-sick.—The Cabbin floor, wet with the spray of the sea, was covered over with groaning Patients, and the Cabbin boys were fully employed in handing
their

their basons from one puling Youth to another.

Three or four hours however brought us to an anchor off Dover sands ; and a Boat was soon alongside from the town, for it would be contrary to all the rules of imposition for the Skipper to land his own Passengers.

The Boatmen were at first so extortionate that we peremptorily refused their demand, a Guinea apiece for the English Passengers—The Foreigners, sick as they were, must by no means be landed, without a permit from the Custom-House.

The Fellows hovered round us for an hour to prevent others from coming off
to

to us, and finally offered to put us ashore for a crown apiece. This was joyfully agreed to.

I told them we were Foreigners, as we got into the boat; but they said *they'd risque that, if we'd a mind to pass for English.*

In less than five minutes they run us upon the beach, and we had scarcely got through the breakers before we were surrounded by a dozen Waiters, from the principal Inns, eagerly thrusting their cards into our hands, and soliciting our custom for their respective Houses.

I gave the name of the one I meant to go to, to get rid of their importunities; and one of the Fellows, with undaunted
assurance,

assurance, offered to lead us thither directly—but the Rogue took us to another, without our knowing it, and actually pocketed a fee for inveigling us to his own house.

It was the sign of the ship, where however we were well enough lodged, and could amuse ourselves from our windows with the continual drive at the door of an English Inn; and the eager motions of the Passengers in the street, all of whom appeared to be intent upon some urgent business.

Every body looked snug and bold, and the firm step, haughty air, and tight dress of the Women struck us with the force of novelty, after an absence of two years.

My

My B—— was quite exhausted by the fatigues we had undergone, since we left Rome ; but some affairs calling me immediately to London, I left her the next evening, taking a seat for the Metropolis, in the Mail Coach.

We set out at seven o'clock, starting to a minute. The Guard behind made the town ring again, with the harsh sounds of his horn, and we drove rapidly along the gravel turnpike, the Gates of which flew open as we approached, four stout Horses making nothing of the snug Carriage to which they were tightly harnessed.

Until it was quite dark I amused myself, admiring the sheltered cottages and trim enclosures by which we passed, and
when

when the lamps were lighted before, I leaned back and went to sleep in my corner, till suddenly roused, by the blowing of the horn, as we rattled over the rough pavement of the City of Canterbury.

Here we stopped at the King's Head, the Fountain, or the Red Lion—which-ever it was, there we supped at midnight, and the whole hour we were there, the neighbourhood rang again with Stage Coaches coming and going in every direction, as if the whole Country was up in arms.

By day-light we had driven sixty miles, and now I waked up again to see the varied Landscape from Shooter's Hill, the smoking Metropolis at a distance; and listen to the smart clack of

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the Bar-Maids, and Hostlers, that occasionally refreshed the Coachman, or his Horses.

The Girls cried, "Good morning t'ye" with a sprightliness to which I had not been accustomed; and the Boys would sometimes set us off again with a, "Drive on Coachy," in tones that bespoke the hurry of an English road.

We soon entered the Southern Suburbs of the largest City in the World, though it may not be the most populous—drove through the winding streets of Southwark—rumbled over London Bridge—and dropping the Mail at the Post Office, went on to The Angel at St. Clement's.

I settled

I settled my business that morning—found myself alone, without the Companion of my Travels, among a Million of People, all of whom were too much immersed in their own affairs to think of me—and set out again the same evening for Dover, which I reached time enough to breakfast with her next morning.

A day or two afterward I took a Post Chaise to whirl for the third time over the same ground. We dined at Canterbury upon a neck of mutton, a gooseberry pudding, and a bottle of Porter, for we could neither of us bear English Wines after drinking the pure juice of the grape, in France and Italy, and were charged, for this sparing meal, eleven shillings and six-pence sterling—

ling—a sum for which four Persons might have feasted in France, upon all the delicacies in season.

After dinner we walked to the Cathedral in which is some fine painted glass, and a few ancient Tombs. Upon one of them we were shewn the tattered armour of Edward the Black Prince, who was here interred; from which, our Conductor informed us, when the Soldiers went off upon the expedition to the Coast of Brittany, many of them took away a shred, as a pledge of conquest.

Elegant Chariots, trim Post-Chaises, and light Stage-Coaches now frequently enlivened the road; and we stopped, for the night, at a neat Inn at Rochester, where

where it was cold enough to demand a fire, though we had needed none since we left Rome, and it was now the beginning of June.

Next morning we set out, in a drizzling rain, to lose ourselves once more in the labyrinth of London.

LETTER XXX.

*General Sketches of the South of Europe.**London, August, 1802.*

HAVING now made the lesser Tour of Europe, I sit down to sketch a general view of the different Nations so strikingly contrasted to each other, in a space not greater than that of the United States, and only separated by a current of water, or a ridge of mountains, sometimes by imperceptible lines of demarcation: yet the neighbouring Inhabitants of frontier Provinces, often inimical, and always suspicious, are fenced against each other by the walls and ramparts of fortified towns, in which
the

the mass of the People remains on both sides wilfully ignorant of the arts, the language, and the religion of their Neighbours.

Travellers for business or amusement cannot visit neighbouring States without passports, even in time of peace ; nor can they carry with them a change of apparel, without being searched at every frontier, as Defrauders of the Revenue, a system that has been everywhere so much overstrained, to support Official profusion, as to create innumerable Smugglers.

The coin of one State will not pass in another, without a discount. No Alien is any where allowed to hold lands, or exercise a trade, among his inimical Neighbours.

Neighbours. The Princes of Germany and the Potentates of Europe condescend alike to foment National jealousy, into personal hatred, as the surest means of opposing rivalry, and preventing innovation.

The beneficial operations of Commerce are universally shackled by privileges and exclusions, instead of being left, like the rain of Heaven, to find their own level. Nothing is uncontrolled—oppressive regulations curb every exertion, and the Subjects of European Governments have been wittily said to be *governed* to death.

But, under the Feudal System, which prevailed in Europe till the Twelfth Century, the rights of Mankind—national

tural as well as civil, were universally engrossed by Nobles and Ecclesiastics, although the privileged Orders scarcely any where formed a hundredth part of the Community.

* * *

Princes are no longer Tyrants, and Peasants are no longer Slaves; but Poverty and Oppression still people the Standing Armies and the Stationary Navies of Europe, and swarming towns must propagate to starve or to supply the prodigal waste of life in Garrisons and Guard Ships, even in time of peace.

America

America on the contrary is yet peaceable, by circumstance, as well as by principle. It is too good a Poor Man's Country even for Servants, much more for Soldiers.

None there continue long Domestics who have forecast or exertion enough to try their fortune; and few Young Men of uncorrupted morals, will join an Army where they can make a decent livelihood amid the endearments of domestic life.

The Poverty of the People enters into the policy of oppressive Governments, and the innumerable multitudes that supply European Fleets and Armies could never be raised for the horrid

rid purpose of spilling one another's blood, if the Populace of towns, and the Peasantry of the country, were not upon the point of starving.

But even the pressure of domestic misery is not always sufficient to secure the National supplies. France has now recourse to Military requisitions; and British Press-Gangs have long set at naught the boasted liberty of the Subject. At the beginning of the present war the Parliament of England voted 100,000 Men for the service of the Navy alone; and when Insurrectionary France repelled at the same time the Prussians and Austrians on one side, and the English and the Royalists on the other, there was a levy *en masse*,

and 1300,000 Men were at once in arms upon the long-extended frontiers of the new Republic.

* * *

Under the old Government the French were as much shackled with exclusive privileges and inclusive restrictions as any of their Neighbours; and the spire of every village equally bespoke a Religious Profession established by law: but since the expulsion of the Clergy you see in broad letters upon the walls of Churches the abbreviated Creed of the Regne de la terreur, as the Tyranny of Robespierre is now expressively denominated.

LE PEUPLE FRANÇOIS RECONNOÎT L'ÊTRE SUPRÊME ET L'IM-
MORTALITÉ DE L'ÂME.*

After the abolition of the laws, public inscriptions were also found useful, or necessary, upon civil edifices : It was common, when I passed through the Country, to see written upon walls and out-houses,

*Citoyens ! respectez les Propriétés Nationaux : or,
Citoyens ! respectez les Propriétés d'autrui. Elles sont le fruit
de ses travaux, et le recompense de son industrie.**

Upon the Gates of towns and the
Fronts of National Palaces had been
long

* The French Nation acknowledges the Supreme Being, and the Immortality of the Soul.

* Citizens ! respect the National Property : or, Citizens ! respect the Property of Others. It is the fruit of their labour and the reward of their industry.

long read, with terror, the revolutionary motto

LIBERTÉ! ÉGALITÉ! FRATERNITÉ! OU LA MORT!†

The last word of the climax had been scratched out before we got there, by the authority of the Five Dictators, or of the Three Consuls; and while we were at Paris an obnoxious label indicating the identical balcony of the Louvre from which Charles IX. had fired upon his Protestant Subjects on the bloody Eve of St. Bartholomew disappeared in the night, and was never replaced.

But the equivocal or delusive exclamation of

Pair

† Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! or, Death!

*Paix au Peuple ! Guerre au Gouvernement Anglois !*¹⁶

still remained as it had been long scrawled, upon the walls of Theatres and Guard-houses ; for the French invariably profess the utmost consideration for their brave Enemies the English, and vent all their rage upon Pitt with a prolonged *Diable !*

The impositions of Government, since the Revolutionary effervescence has subsided, are as patiently suffered as ever they were under the *ancien Regime*.

A Frenchman never says a word about politics. His unfailing topics are the Opera and the Theatre—the last Battle

• Peace to the People ! War to the Government of England,

Battle or the next Review. Every town of any size in France boasts its Spectacle : but it takes all the Population of the South, including Lyons, and Bourdeaux, Nismes, Toulon; and Marseilles, to support a single provincial Newspaper. Even the Paris Journals are squeezed into a single half sheet, and only perused to amuse a lounge in the Alleys of the Palais Royal, or the Mall of the Thuilleries ; or to kill time at the Traiteur's, while coffee is preparing, or dinner serving up.

Under the Princes of the House of Bourbon the oppressed People frequently revenged themselves upon their supine or vicious Monarchs, though rioting in all the omnipotence of Versailles, with lampoons of the most cutting irony,
some

some of which though well known I cannot forbear repeating, as proofs that hollow blasts against Religion and Royalty preceded the Earthquake of the Revolution.

When Lewis XIV. forbade the repetition of the pretended miracles that were wrought at the Tomb of a certain Abbé, in Paris, Somebody wrote upon the wall of the Church-yard

*De par le Roi ! défense a Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu ;**

and the Equestrian Statue of his Successor in the beautiful Square that once bore his name, was inscribed, like another

† By Royal mandate G—d's forbid
To heal the Sick, or raise the Dead.

ther tombstone, with a provisional epitaph,

*Ci git notre Roi, comme il est à Versailles,
Sans foi, sans loi, et sans entrailles.†*

The Statue itself, a noble production of the chisel of Bouchardon, was placed upon an elevated pedestal supported by the Cardinal Virtues and the adulatory arrangement pointed the cutting gibe.

*Bouchardon est un animal
Et son ouvrage fait pitié
Il monte le Vice à cheval
Et laisse les Vertus à pied.‡*

Upon

† Behold our Royal Master, in monumental stone,
As lawless, faithless, brainless, as when upon the throne.

‡ O fie, Bouchardon!
What a pitiful brute—
To set Vice on horse-back,
And Virtue on foot.

Upon this very spot—the Statue having been overthrown, and broken to pieces, the thirtieth Sovereign of a Dynasty which had reigned in France a thousand years, lost his head upon a public scaffold, under the affectionate exclamation of his trembling confessor,

Son of St. Lewis, ascend to Heaven!

* * *

In Italy, at the boundary of every District, especially in the kingdom of Naples, you behold the apparatus of the crucifixion completely furnished with the reed, the spear, and the sponge; and your eyes are continually saluted with little images of the Virgin, or coarse paintings representing to the life Monks and Friars in the act of delivering out

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of the flames of purgatory the holy
Souls of the Faithful [le animé santé
del Purgatorio.]

Upon the fronts of churches, and the
frontispieces of altars, a Protestant eye
is there often offended with the incon-
gruous dedication of

DEO ET DIVO ANTONIO: or, FRANCESCO.*

and beholds with aversion the worship
of the Virgin Mary, under the Heathen
deification of

REGINA COELI.*

or the Antichristian attribute of

DEIPARA, IN CORLUM ASSUMPTA.†

One

* To God, and St. Anthony, or St. Francis.

* Queen of Heaven.

† Mother of G—, taken up into Heaven.

* * *

One may trace the character of the principal Nations of Europe in the appellations of their Ships of War. For instance, when we read in the News-

papers of The Ocean,

The Goliah,

The Terrible, or

The Invincible,

} First Rates,

The Vulture Sloop, or,

The Spitfire Bomb-Ketch, we

perceive the furious spirit of the Tyrant of the Deep.

The threatening and bombastic vanity of the French is equally indicated by their Sans Pareils, their

Temeraires, and their

Vengeances.

While

While the supine devotion of the Spaniards, and the snug œconomy of the Dutch, are characterised by the weight of metal of Il San Josef, or,

La Madre de todos los Santos

[The Mother of all the Saints]

and the shallow draft of the broad Sixty-fours and spreading India-Men that sail from the flat coast of Holland under the homely denominations of

De Vryheid

De Brødershap, or,

De Vrouw een Zulke,

[Good Wife Such a One.]

The British navy which now rides paramount upon the roaring Deep, though Spain once fitted out an *Armada* that was judged *invincible*, and Holland long afterward disputed with the Queen of Ocean

Ocean the Empire of the Sea, has been imperceptibly created by the Trade of the Nation. While that of the French is occasionally puffed up by the spirit of the People.

One is the hardy Offspring of Individual activity. The other is the puny Heir of National pride. One is commanded by Practical Theorists, the other by Theoretical Practitioners.

But French and English Philosophers and Speculatists stand upon equal ground. They discovered at the same moment the principle of the Telegraph, to regulate the motions of their Hostile Fleets. By this compendious operation a few minutes is now sufficient to convey from Paris to Brest, or from London to
Portsmouth,

Portsmouth, the will of the First Consul, or the directions of the Admiralty.

The Sign-Posts of Inns, and other public exhibitions, are equally characteristic of National biasses.

In England it is the King's Head, or that of the Admiral who gained the last Sea Fight—a Black Bull, or a Red Lion; and the rooms are hung with some Naval Victory, or the Racers that have won plates at New-market.

In a French town you shall be advertised at the Chapeau d'or, formerly perhaps La Couronne Royale, "Ici on loge à pied et à cheval;" * and within you may

* Entertainment for Man and Horse.

may inform yourself at your leisure of the next *Spectacle*, or the last Review.

In Catholic Countries you may dine at an *Albergo Reale*, upon the fare of a Muleteer; and lodge in a chamber hung with as many Crucifixes and *Madonnas* as would furnish the Cell of a Monk.

* * *

Many of the foregoing circumstances may appear at first sight to be absurd or incredible; but most National peculiarities are the result of causes and necessities that go unobserved, while their effects are obvious to censure or approbation.

Thus

Thus the flat bottoms and blunt prows of Dutch Merchantmen have been formed upon the sands of their coast; and if the Naval Genius of Britain has originated from her Insular situation, and innumerable Sea Ports, the undaunted Spirit of France may be as probably deduced from the enjoyment of a cheerful and temperate climate, invigorating the animal spirits without requiring laborious exertion.

Perhaps the superstitious devotion of the South of Europe, alike prevalent under the ancient and modern Empire of Rome, may be also referred to the influence of a relaxing atmosphere, that disposes the body to sensual indulgences, and the mind to indolent contemplations.

But

But it is a more palpable fact that Grecian Sculpture sprung out of the quarries of Paros, and that British Ingenuity owes its origin to the necessities of an uncomfortable climate, supplied by mines of coal and iron.

It can hardly be doubted that Egypt owed its astronomical ideas to an unclouded sky, and conceived the idea of its massy Structures among rocks of granite. As Rome planned its extensive Edifices amidst mountains of free stone, while the still barbarous gable ends of Germany and Holland, bespeak the meanness of their native materials; and under an unfostering Sun even the wealth and taste of England is never likely to rival the pride of her nearest

Neighbour in the arts of sculpture and architecture.

A certain Great Personage who patronises the Royal Academy of London, is said to have early declared his opinion that England was too cold a country for Sculpture; and the absurdity of shivering through marble Halls and open Porticos, in a climate that requires comfortable accommodations three fourths of the year, has been so universally observed, that every modern Improver builds his House by the rules of convenience, and only distributes his grounds by those of taste.

In England where the day approaches twilight darkness one half of the year, while Commerce furnishes plenty of train oil, every town of any size is
well

well lighted at night, and the streets of London, nay the public roads for five miles round the Metropolis, shine with innumerable lamps, the light of the Moon being there so frequently intercepted by fogs and mists as to be never relied on.

While in the happier climates of the South, Paris itself is but scantily hung with reverberators, suspended by ropes over the middle of the streets, and Rome and Naples would be left in total darkness, if it was not for the Flambeaux of Footmen and the glimmering lamps that twinkle before Madonnas.

* * *

In England the various arts of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce,
have

have been improved to a degree of perfection of which little idea can be formed by any thing to be seen elsewhere. Though the French cultivate their Vines with a great deal of skill, and their Manufactures of China, Tapestry, and Plate Glass are perhaps unequalled. But their social gayety is ill adapted to the tedious and solitary operations of Commerce and Colonization. Witness the little progress that was made in Canada while the British Colonies were rising into an independent Empire; and the instability of their Possessions in both the Indies which have invariably sunk under the ascendancy of Britain.

Immense wealth has been the consequence of patient and persevering industry. Improvements of every kind have
kept

kept equal pace in England, and the gravel turnpikes rattle with the Chariots of the Nobility and Gentry, the Post Chaises of genteel Travellers, and Mail Coaches, driven in a style of elegance unknown elsewhere; while the paved roads of France exhibit nothing like riding for pleasure, but two-wheeled Post chaises, clumsy Stage Coaches, swagging heavily along, with a Baggage Waggon behind, and a Calash before, and Flying Machines for conveying the Mail, that resemble an Ammunition Cart or the Hearse of a Hospital. Alike in the Cabriolet and in the Voiture the harness is tied together with ropes, and the Passengers stream through the Country in their night-caps.

Only

Only in Paris is it thought necessary to appear in style, and even there, whatever was the case before the Revolution, you now see nothing like the trim equipages of Pall Mall, or Hyde Park.

There the Coachman, an elderly Domestic, appears with all the gravity of decorum, in a bob wig and laced hat, and the Footmen, of whom more than two are rarely crowded on at a time, as is often done upon the Continent, are the tallest and handsomest Fellows you see, in rich liveries—their hats fiercely cocked and their feet on tip-toe, with canes or umbrellas in their hands.

On an excursion into the Country, the Chariot and four flies along the highway, with a snug Postillion upon each pair, in
a Jockey

a Jockey cap, a tight jacket, and leather breeches—booted and spurred; a couple of Out-Riders galloping after.

At Paris, for want of this attention to propriety, the Coachman often looks more like a Gentleman than his Master; and the Maccaroni Footman might pass for a Beau of the ton.

But upon the public roads the Garçons of the Post Houses, an Establishment that has been suffered to retain its anti-revolutionary privileges, are to the full as inattentive to the rules of decorum as our American Domestics. The Hostler never troubles himself to open the door of your Chaise, or to put up the step for you; and the Postillion will receive his *bonne main* though half as much

much again as is given in England, without so much as saying *he thanks you*, much less stirring his hat—Nay his discontented rapacity, often urges him to ask for *quelque chose pour boire** into the bargain.

In France the Consular Reviews, Diplomatic Entertainments and Anniversary Rejoicings, amuse the Public and absorb the wealth of Individuals, or the state, in conjunction with Balls and Operas, kept Mistresses, and Games of Chance.

In England, Public Dinners, Routes, and Masquerades, are often the occasion of incredible expense. Thousands are frequently pledged upon the event of a Horse-Race; and whole Estates are sometimes

* Something to drink.

sometimes risqued and thrown away upon a cast of the die.

In Italy, the Church itself is a fashionable Place of Amusement, since the ceremonies of the Choir pervert it into an Opera, to which nothing is wanting but the Ballette. Well might the Indian Chief that was taken to Church at Philadelphia, and found his native veneration for the Deity disturbed by the customary rotation of the Protestant service—Well might he have said, if he had wandered as far from his native Woods as the Plains of Italy, and beheld the perpetual repetition of the Mass, “These People tease the Good Spirit too much.”

The only extravagance of Princes and Cardinals is the building and furnishing of Palaces, for Churches are no longer erected even in Italy; and the follies of the Carnival are too childish to be costly. The Poor are every where seen basking in the sunshine, or reclining in the shade, willingly relinquishing all the comforts and conveniencies that might be procured by Industry, for idleness and ease.

Thieves and Beggars are accordingly the pest of Italy, and Italian Jails are themselves a nuisance. They frequently open upon the most frequented Streets by large grated windows, through which the miserable Wretches confined within may be both seen and heard, to the great annoyance of Passengers: for European Jails are not like those of the County
Towns

Towns in America, often inhabited by nobody but the Jailor; and the barbarous custom of whipping Criminals through the Streets of a populous City, abolished in Philadelphia even before the Reformation of the Penal Laws, is still practised under the Priestly Government of Rome, with all its savage accompaniments, so debasing to humanity.

The petty States of Italy now generally settle their differences without appealing to the sword: but a Protestant is astonished to find so little cordiality between neighbouring Nations professing filial obedience to the same Spiritual Father. Their unity is by no means cemented by their devotion. It is a truth, which no pains are taken to conceal, that the Piedmontese hate the Genoese—

noese—the Genoese hate the Tuscans—the Tuscans hate the Venetians—the Romans hate the Neapolitans—and so round. Yet no Sectarian Innovators there disturb the tranquillity of established Functionaries by superior fervour, all confide alike in the intercession of Saints and equally rely upon purgatorial purification. They worship the same objects of adoration; and the same orders of Monks and Nuns are every where supported for vicarious mortification.

Yet the Friars of Catholic Countries are neither so numerous, nor so rich, as Protestant Travellers usually represent them. Many of them labour for their own support—live upon little—sleep on straw—and rise at midnight to perform their orisons; and if in Italy 80
or

or 90,000 Monks lead a life of comparative inutility, we should not forget that two or three hundred thousand Soldiers are not better employed in Prussia in brushing their uniforms, and shouldering their firelocks.

In Holland and Switzerland the People are all immersed in business or secluded in retirement, you there see no parade of equipage—no throngs of idleness.

A Hollander or a Swiss, with more condescension than an Englishman, and less obsequiousness than a Frenchman, is irksomely attentive and fatiguingly polite.

In Dutch and Swiss towns, the antiquated Gentry, strutting in blue and
powder

powder, contrive to be troublesome even to Strangers, of any appearance, by formal salutes. Among themselves it was a farce to see two solemn Prigs greet each other, with due decorum. By the time the arm was raised to the head, and the cocked hat firmly grasped in the right hand, the social Beings, had generally passed each other, without interchanging a word: and the respective hats often scraped the ground, at a distance of twenty yards from the place of meeting.

Yet in the Church these scrupulous Professors of the Reformed Faith, like the Protestants of France, often sit with their hats on, because their Ancestors refused to uncover themselves before the Mass, or the Mass Priest.

At

At Amsterdam the Old-Clothes Man, croaking like an American Bull-frog, and the Puppet-show Man and his Wife, are converted into Psalm-singers, who perambulate the most populous Streets, morning and evening, with edifying ditties.

There industry is the order of the day, and even Mastiff Dogs are made to work like Horses to earn their living. Upon the level roads of Holland, paved with clinkers, I have seen a Baker, his Wife, and Child, all riding at once in a bread-cart, drawn by a Dog.

* * *

In England, Tradesmen and Shopkeepers are sufficiently imposing, but the

the moment you set your foot on the Continent of Europe it behoves you to be upon your guard against every body with whom you have any thing to do. All European Mercenaries cheat if they can, and an unfledged Foreigner is fair Game, to be decoyed by every Spaniel.

When I first passed through France I always gave what was asked in the Shops and at the Inns, with native confidence and good faith; but in Italy I learned to chaffer with Cheats, and am persuaded that I could travel over the same ground again at half the expense.

In England, the Domestics at Inns, and even at Gentlemen's Houses, expect, or demand, a *douceur*; but the System of imposition is carried upon
the

the Continent to its *ne plus ultra*. Ingenious after-claps are tacked to every agreement, and even the Bankers of Lyons and Bourdeaux put me off with coin short of weight.

At Rome the valet of the Cardinal who signed our Passport for Naples, waited on us next morning to wish us a good journey [that is to solicit a fee] and a Citizen of Naples who shewed me the house of the American Consul, and another who directed me to a Tradesman, with some hesitation gave me to understand that they expected to be paid for their trouble.

Indeed in Italy the pillaging of Travellers has been systematically arranged. The Language Master who engaged

Vol. II. 3 D es

es your Lodging receives from the Landlord a certain stipend during your stay. The Valet de Place who hires your carriage has his stated fee from the Job-Man; and every Mechanic you employ is taxed by your Courier—a troublesome attendant you may do very well without, if you travel with a Vettorino.

* * *

In the Middle Ranks of Life a Frenchman is vain and faithless; but at the same time courteous and intelligent. An Englishman is haughty and severe; but honourable and generous. An Italian is passionate and superstitious; but loyal and devout. A Hollander is formal and parsimonious; but honest and well-meaning

meaning. A Swiss avaricious and reserved ; but sober and sincere.

In point of morals the Scotch are the most unexceptionable People in Europe.

The Dutch and Swiss hold the next rank in the scale of morality.

Alas for human depravity, the most polished Nations upon earth are the most immoral and irreligious. Notwithstanding the example of the Protestants of France, and the Dissenters of England, the French and the English must be placed at the bottom of the scale.

No Nations upon Earth are so gross in ribaldry or so bold in imprecation as
the

the French and the English—at once the wisest and the wickedest of Mankind.*

* * *

The French and English, though nothing separates these haughty rivals but a narrow channel, in one place no more than twenty miles over, agree in nothing but the human form, and even that is varied into light and dark—plump and spare—grave and gay.

One skims the Ocean like a Fish-Hawk—The other flies over the Earth like a Vulture. If one is all-powerful at sea, the other is invincible by land: but they are both equally bold and fierce—equally oppressive and rapacious, and during

* The Savages of America learn to swear in English—having no correspondent expressions in their native tongues.

during the short intervals of National wars, One is a *French Dog* at London—the Other *un Diable d'Anglois* at Paris.

Yet a Foreigner in France is not reminded that he is an outlandish figure, even by a look of curiosity, much less a stare of impertinence, whilst in England *Paddy* is a ready nickname for an Irishman—*Taffy* for a Welchman—and *Sawney* for a Scot. And a stranger from any part of Europe is generally with the Populace a *French Dog*, though he may sometimes be distinguished as a *Spanish Baboon* or a *High Dutch Boor*.

Both the English and the French, however, notwithstanding their frequent wars, respect each other as much as they undervalue other Nations.

In

In both Countries each readily gives the second place to the other, like the Commanders at Salamis, each of whom ascribed the victory in the first place to himself—in the second to Themistocles.

An Englishman loves tea and roast beef—a Frenchman prefers soup and ragoûts. One often gets drunk—the other never. One is civil and reserved—the other familiar and polite. One will refuse a favour that is asked—the other will ask one that ought not to be granted. One keeps his Servants at a respectful distance—the other is as familiar with them as if they were his Equals. Accordingly an English Waiter will serve you with the most scrupulous attention, without speaking a word—a French Garçon,

son, on the contrary, will talk to you all the time he waits, and forget to bring what you order.

A Frenchman frequently sits down to table covered—an Englishman never.—The one helps himself with a knife, the other with a fork. In England the Ladies help the Gentlemen, in France the Gentlemen help the Ladies.

The English command Women as wives, but obey them as queens—the French obey them as wives, or mistresses, but reject them as queens, by a law whose origin is as old as the Monarchy, and its effects as recent as the Revolution.

Englishmen

Englishmen in low life rarely quarrel without fighting—perhaps because they cannot find words to express their rage—but the volubility of a Frenchman permits him to vent his passion in words. In France People will abuse one another by the hour, and separate without coming to blows: In England Pugilists often strip without saying a word, and one or the other is sometimes carried off for dead.

Yet an Englishman delivers his purse the moment a Highwayman demands it—while a Frenchman travels armed, and often loses his life in defending his money.

An Englishman is proud—a Frenchman vain. One lives splendidly in the
Country—

Country—the other in Town. One is most at ease when alone—the other is never easy but in company. One is barely civil—the other superfluously polite. One would serve you without professing the least attachment—the other would declare himself wholly at your service without the smallest intention to be of use to you.

In a word, the English temper is the most respectable—though the French renders itself the most amiable. Choose an Englishman for a Friend—a Frenchman for an Acquaintance.

In speaking, an Englishman puts the adjective before the substantive—a Frenchman, the substantive before the adjective. In England two negatives make an affirmative—

Vol. II. 3 E mative—

mative—in France they are indispensable to a dissent.

The English Tongue has three genders, which are distributed according to the masculine, feminine, and neutral divisions in nature : but the French, personifies stocks and stones, and distinguishes sexes, even in the neutrality of the mineral and vegetable creation ; thus the majesty of a King is a creature of the feminine gender, and the pincushion of a Queen is more masculine than the beard of her Royal Consort.

Thus, as the pronoun possessive agrees with its substantive in gender as well as number and case, without regard to the noun personal to which it belongs ; the style of the old Court, for instance, would

would have run in plain English: *Her Majesty Lewis XVI.* Or, *the Queen has lost his pincushion.*

But we ourselves sometimes contravene the peculiar consistency of our language, by personifying a ship in the feminine gender, though as a gallant Indiaman it should bear the masculine appellation of *the Henry Dundas*, or *the William Penn*; or as a Man of war it should hoist its flag under the imposing title of *Royal George*, or *President Washington*.

In reading, an Englishman lowers his voice at the end of every sentence—a Frenchman as uniformly raises it. In conversation the one is often at a loss—the other never.

In

In England the use of the singular number in direct address has long been exploded, except in prayer to the Almighty.—In France it is the language of contempt to those you despise, and of familiarity with those you love; but alike in the Church and the Conventicle it would be thought an unpardonable freedom to *tutoyer le bon Dieu*.*

* * *

There is little difference between the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and in short all the languages of the South of Europe out of the Turkish Empire, as they are mostly derived from the Latin. Accordingly a Latin Scholar is at little pains to acquire them all; and the
Provincial

* Thee and thou the Almighty.

Provincial dialects spoken by the Peasantry of Granada, Valencia, Catalonia, Languedoc, Provence, Lombardy, Tuscany, Latium, and Calabria, in conjunction with the stupendous remains of Antique Edifices, indicate alike to the eye and to the ear, that they have all once been Fiefs of the same mighty Empire.

The languages of the north of Europe may be traced with equal certainty to the ancient German or Teutonic, and English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian are all more or less intelligible to one that understands German; at the same time that the Cairns and Barrows of remote Antiquity, and the Gothic Spires of the Middle Ages, intimate the common origin of Germany, England, Holland, and the North of France.

In

In the days of Augustus these now polished Climes were inhabited by Savages, but little removed from the Indians of America ; though they had discovered or acquired the use of iron, and had accordingly begun the gradual process of civilization.

Naked Warriors struck their shields in the Halls of Odin, or danced all night around a burning oak, and savage Hunters poured out their drinking horns, in Druidical Circles, or consecrated Groves, before they drank them off brim full in the imaginary presence of Woden or Tuisco, Friga or Thor ; savage Idols whose names may be so readily traced from our Saxon Ancestors, in the vulgar nomenclature of the days of the week : though it is now fifteen hundred years
since

since the Dagon of the North fell down upon their thresholds before the Ark of Christianity.

* * *

France is a beautiful Country, in a happy climate swarming with People, and teeming with the fruits of the earth. It is notwithstanding interspersed with long chains of mountains; one of which called the Cevennes crosses it from east to west, and forms a marked division between the North and the South.

The climate of one side is compared by the Officers who were in America during the Revolution to that of our Middle States, producing every kind of Grain, and abounding in Apples, Peach-
es,

es, and Grapes ; while on the other, Fig-Trees, Vine-Yards, and Olive-Orchards, bespeak that mild and even temperature which renders the South of France the frequent resort of wealthy Invalids, retreating in winter from the fogs of England, and in Summer from the pestilential heats of Italy.

The Chain of the Cevennes separates alike the Climate, the Productions, the Manners, the vulgar Dialect, and even the style of Building in the two grand Divisions of the same civil or military Monarchy, now almost as populous and powerful as the Gigantic Empire of which it was once a distant and barbarous Province.

The

The fair Domain extends from the British Channel to the Mediterranean Sea ; and it is bounded on either side by the splendid and immoveable Barriers of the Alps and the Pyrenees.

England is a hilly Country, of a clayey soil, interspersed with sand and loam, diversified by Art and Nature with the gayest cultivation, and the most gloomy barrenness.

The innumerable Country Seats of the Gentry, and the splendid Mansion Houses, or antiquated Castles, of the Nobility, embosomed in majestic Woods, and overlooking extensive Lawns, animated with Sheep or Deer, and ornamented with terminating Objects—a Temple or an Obelisk—a Statue or a

Vol. II. 3 F Vase,

Vase, screened from familiar view by beds of shrubbery,—connected by a winding walk or a meandering stream, are indescribably beautiful. Village Spires peep from every coppice, and frowning Ruins, fringed with ivy and grey with moss, preserve to an enlightened Age the characteristic outlines of Monastic superstition or Baronial ferocity.

Even the Towns and Villages, several of which may generally be seen at once in so open a Country, are much more ornamental as distant Objects, than the scattered Houses of our American Towns, however the latter may boast of broad Streets and intermediate Gardens. They are also romantically crowned with Gothic Spires and Pinnacles, a picturesque

resque addition that our American Scenery must ever want.

But these pleasing objects are sadly contrasted by the Heaths and the Forests—the Wolds and the Fens, which are more or less infested by Robbers, and frequently display a dismal exhibition of Civilized barbarity, in the mutilated Figures of Highwaymen, hanging in chains.

If you stop at one of the Rural Seats toward the close of day, a surly mastiff will meet you at the gate. You will find the doors locked and bolted, and the shutters barred; and when you retire for the night you will be terrified by the sinister apparatus of an alarm bell at every window.

Lone

Lone Houses, as single Habitations are here expressively called, are furnished with a great bell on the roof, by which the Neighbours may be called up in case of an attack, and the neighbouring Cottagers are advertised that the first of them that reaches the spot when the bell rings shall be amply rewarded.

In London where Robberies often take place in open day, the doors of Dwelling Houses are kept locked, and those of shops are frequently chained to the door post, to prevent a sudden surprise or retreat.

How unlike the tranquil confidence of American House-Keepers that leaves our doors in Philadelphia all day a-jar, and in the Country all night upon the latch.

In

In Scotland the low-lands resemble those of England, though they have still less sunshine, and the hardy Scots must therefore often gather their oats, a grain that thrives in the most northern latitudes, in frost and snow. The Highlands are bleak and barren—like the heaths of Ossian, weltering in perpetual mists.

Wales is less mountainous and better cultivated, affording an endless variety of healthy excursion and romantic scenery.

Holland is a level plain that has been literally gained from the Sea by Human industry, and the adventurous acquisition is only preserved from encroachment by the continual care of its industrious Inhabitants.

The

The uniform Coast exhibits a continued Mound of earth by which the sea is banked out; and the Interior of the Country is universally intersected by ditches and Canals, along which run the Roads, at a height of eight or ten feet above the adjacent Fields.

It is generally laid down in grass, and covered with large herds of Cattle, which are here black, the favourite colour of the Inhabitants, as in England they are mostly red, and in France and Italy as generally white.

Flanders is the most fertile Country in Europe, not so flat as Holland, nor so hilly as France. It is under universal cultivation, and yields two crops in the year, being capable of raising Hemp,
Tobacco,

Tobacco, and every other luxuriant Plant that can thrive in so northerly a climate: But the unhappy Peasants are so generally drafted for the Army, that you seldom see any but Women and Children in the Fields.

Switzerland exhibits the most striking contrasts imaginable. Fertile Valleys surrounded by stupendous Mountains, covered with snow, and picturesque Villages, glittering with tin Spires, are seen at the foot of shining Glaciers, or perpendicular Rocks, from which neighbouring torrents precipitate themselves in showers of spray.

Italy, excepting the Cisalpine Republic, a broad Valley between the Alps and the Apennines running from the Mountains

tains of Savoy to the Lagunes of Venice, is a rugged Country over-run by the great Chain of the Apennines, and its various spurs, which branch out in every direction, and cut up the whole surface into contracted spots of possible but neglected cultivation, rarely more than twenty miles square, though the Vale of Arno is fifty miles in length, and the Hills of Calabria, at the foot of Italy, are extremely fertile, and abound with Apples as well as Oranges, Grapes, and Figs.

Throughout Europe the People are collected in Towns and Villages, which are often inconveniently situated upon the sides of Hills, where they were first formed under the protection of some Castle or Strong Hold, in days when the
hand

hand of every potent Baron was against every Man, and every Man's hand against him.

In consequence of this circumstance to which the Poor have become attached by long habit, the idea of a lone house like our situations in America, where People live upon the lands they farm, is irksome, and even terrifying; and the Peasantry upon the Continent of Europe travel two or three miles, to their work, from day to day.

* * *

In England as well as in the South of Europe, Winter is rather constituted by wet than cold.

The drizzling fogs of England commence in September, and continue with little intermission till May or June. In winter day-light lasts no more than six or seven hours ; but in Summer it is light enough to read till ten o'clock, and the Sun is up again by three.

In France and Italy the rains set in in November, and end in January ; after which the air preserves the most delightful temperature imaginable during three or four months.

In Switzerland snow begins to fall in October, and remains on the ground till May ; but the Summers are delightfully cool and salubrious, especially upon the Mountains.

To

To embrace all the advantages of European Climates the Spring should be spent in Italy, the Summer in England or in Switzerland, the Autumn in Flanders, and the Winter in the South of France.

LETTER XXXI.

The Voyage Home.

New York, Sept. 29th. 1802.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I EMBRACE the first moment of leisure to let you know of our safe arrival here after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days from the Scilly Islands to the High-lands of Navesink, in the ship *Thames*, Capt. Wood, an American Vessel of four hundred tons, returning home in ballast, for want of freight.

On our arrival in England we spent ten days of repose, at Higham Lodge
—the

—the hospitable Mansion, on the borders of Epping Forest, where so many Americans have been fostered, by their worthy Countryman; being again kindly received, after an absence of two years, by the respectable Family of the D—lw—ns.

We then took lodgings in London, to provide for our Return; and relieved the fatigues of preparation by occasional excursions in the Environs, so delightfully diversified with tranquil Villages, and smiling Retreats.

When we first saw Captain Wood his mild tone and diffident manners impressed us with some apprehensions for our personal safety among the boisterous

terous Sons of Ocean: but they were quite superfluous, as you shall hear, when there was occasion to exert his authority. He fixed his price, at the first word, forty Guineas, and provided for us afterward with a liberality that bordered on profusion. ,

We went on board at Gravesend, the 17th. of August, nine Cabbin, and eleven Steerage, Passengers; but a head wind prevented our making much way.

We passed the Nore about noon the day following; and it took us two days more to weather the North Fore-Land, and get into the Downs. Here we lay at anchor, three days, off Sandown Castle, with twenty or thirty Sail of Merchantmen, waiting for a wind. Boats
came

came alongside every day from Deal, with kegs of rum, &c. and our condescending Captain suffered the Sailors to buy what they chose, on account of their wages, threatening at the same time to take it from them, if any of them got drunk with it.

Tired of waiting for a change of wind, we made sail at last with a South-Wester; and that very night all our Sailors were so intoxicated as to be unfit for service.

Next morning the Captain took away what was left of the rum, and the Sailors revenged themselves upon every thing that came in their way. One of them stove in the head of his own keg; and Another took the first opportunity
to

to dispute the orders of the Mate, a Frenchman born: "D—n my eyes" says he "if I'll be ordered by a Frenchman." This produced a scuffle, and the Mate being the weakest Man ran down into the cabbin, and whispered the Captain. He jumped instantly upon deck, knocked the Fellow down, and laid him in irons; though several of his comrades took his part, and swore *they would not work a stroke till he was let out again.*

They accordingly spent the remainder of the day on the Forecastle, dancing and singing, in token of defiance.

The Captain kept his temper, and suffered them to vent ~~the~~ their rage, as they pleased, all the afternoon. Towards evening one of them came upon the
Quarter-deck

Quarter-deck and demanded the freedom of his Comrade. "He's my Country-man," says he, "and d—n me if I don't stand by him." The Captain calmly replied "If he don't beg the Mate's pardon, I'll carry him in irons to New York;" and the Fellow went away swearing *he might work the Ship himself then for they would not.*

Upon this open declaration of mutiny we began to dread the most disagreeable consequences: but were unexpectedly relieved from the threatening dilemma by the offender's submission, who was by this time quite tired of his irksome confinement.

When the irons were knocked off he humorously cried "Huzza for liberty"

—walked boldly up to the Captain and acknowledged his fault, with all the freedom of a true Jack Tar ; and the whole Crew returned to their duty, without manifesting another sign of dissatisfaction during the voyage.

After beating about the Channel several days between the chalky Cliffs of France and England, which have all the appearances of having been originally disjoined by some convulsion of nature, we were glad to come to again at the Isle of Wight, one of those secure Harbours for Ships of burthen that will ever ensure to Britain the command of the Channel, which she proudly calls her own, to the Straits of Dover ; though France disputes the claim from her shallow Inlets, and now and then

then scowers "La Manche" with Fleets fitted out in her Mediterranean or Atlantic Ports, to assert her equal right to the "Pas de Calais."

Here we lay two or three days more off Spithead, in sight of the *Wooden Walls of Old England*, stretched out like Floating Castles, their dark and lofty sides presenting a terrific front of two or three tier of cannon.

We made sail again on the 28th. with a light breeze, not yet fair enough to lay our course down the channel, and on the 31st. we were called on Deck as we were going to breakfast to take our leave of British ground, the Light-house on the Scilly Isles being just discernible,
through

through the mist on our star-board Quarter, distant about a league.

By 10 o'clock a large Frigate hove in sight, standing directly for us from the South-West. She spoke us, and learned with pleasure our bearing and distance from the Scillys, as she was bound for London—long out from the West Indies.

Other Vessels were seen afterward, during several days, steering across the trackless Ocean, directly for the British Channel, like so many Living Creatures, aiming in concert at the same object, by instinctive impulse.

I often in calm weather seated myself in the netting of the Bowsprit to

see

see our Ship plough her course from day to day upon the boundless Deep, which must have remained an impassable barrier between Europe and America, if it had not been for the fortuitous, or Providential, discovery of the magnetic needle, but a little before Columbus was inspired with the bold idea of exploring the Ocean in search of another World.

The surface of the Sea furnishes a palpable demonstration of the rotundity of the Globe. From the deck of a Ship you plainly perceive yourself to be upon the swell of a Ball, gradually rounding off on all sides, at the distance of no more than two or three miles. Beyond this circle the masts and sails of approaching Vessels may be
seen,

seen, as if rising out of the water, more or less, according to their distance.

A sail must be a hundred feet high to be seen from the Deck three leagues off; but from the Top-mast head it would be discoverable a league farther, and accordingly in time of war a Sailor is always stationed aloft to look out ahead.

High lands are discerned from Sea at a distance proportioned to their height. The glistening summits of the White Hills in Canada are sometimes discovered when seventy miles off; and in a brighter Atmosphere the top of Mount Etna may be clearly perceived from the Island of Malta—a distance of a hundred and twenty miles.

Small

Small as is the visible horizon at Sea, the standard of Philosophic observation equally reduces the apparent height of the rolling Billows, which are supposed never to rise more than fifteen feet above the level of the Ocean, that is to say, thirty from the trough of the Sea; though they swell into Mountains, and sink into Vallies, when viewed through the magnifying medium of personal danger.

Even the roaring Winds are never let loose with unbounded fury. They blow but their stated periods of 12, 24, 36, or 48 hours, and never exceed forty miles an hour in velocity; so that a tight ship has nothing to fear, but a lee shore.

A prime Sailer rarely goes more than twelve miles an hour, and has never been known to exceed fifteen. Yet American Vessels have sailed from Boston or New York, with a brisk North-Wester, and kept the wind to the European Coast.

A well-rigged Vessel may lay her course within three points of the wind, and a good Ship may be so trimmed for sailing as to keep her direction for hours together without any body at the helm.

At Sea, a Believer in the active superintendence of a Gracious Providence, observes with complacency how the winds vary to suit every course, and perceives the aptitude of the trite adage,

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

When

When our worthy Predecessors of different religious Persuasions, first ventured to cross the Atlantic to avoid the persecutions to which they were alternately subjected, under the intolerant spirit of predominating Churches, they studied safety more than expedition—they neither sought nor avoided the various influence of the Gulph Stream—they took in sail, by way of precaution, at the apprehension of a storm—and they always lay to at night.

Thus three or four months were often spent on a passage which is now made in as many weeks; and no longer ago than the middle of the last century, a single Londoner, sailed out of the Port of Philadelphia, to procure the unrivalled Manufactures of Britain, and returned again once a year.

Since the Revolution I need not add, our East India Fleets sail half round the Globe, and return within the year, freighted with the luxuries of the East; and innumerable Whalers, many of which do not exceed 100 tons burthen, explore the Arctic and Antarctic circles, in pursuit of the Monsters of the Deep.

May the Posterity of those Christian Worthies who planted the Wilds of America for the liberty of worshipping God according to their consciences, preserve amidst unexampled prosperity the civil and religious privileges thus purchased by their Ancestors.

When we had been out four days we were spoke by a Brig from Newfoundland. After giving her the necessary information

formation our Captain wished her safe in, adding as he laid by his trumpet, "With a good North-Easter." The wind actually sprang up from that quarter during the night, and in five days wafted us nine hundred miles, notwithstanding we carried away the first night our main top mast, and main top gallant mast, with all the sails set, by a roll of the Vessel meeting a sudden flaw of wind.

As it happened in the dusk of the evening nothing could be done but make fast for the night; yet in three days time we were completely refitted, the late Mutineers, being some of the best Hands on board, exerting themselves to the utmost. They would cling to the ropes like Cats, and kicking off their shoes,

shoes, run themselves up or down a single line.

The wind now shifted to the south, but we were content to keep in high northern latitudes, to avoid the contrary current of the Gulph Stream; and on the twelfth day from the Scillys we perceived the Sea to lose its deep blue, as it always does upon soundings. As soon as it assumed a greenish cast we hove the lead but found no bottom.

The next day however we brought ground at five and thirty fathom, on the Banks of Newfoundland; and, the wind dying away we lay to, threw out our fishing lines, and soon had fifty Cod Fish, and two Halibut, slapping their tails upon the Deck.

It

It was a beautiful sight to see the Fish drawn up through the transparent waves. Some of them were cooked for supper, and eaten with as good a relish as if they had been better dressed, as it usually happens with provisions at a Half-way House.

During this pleasant run we had often seen Shoals of Porpoises racing along side—jumping from wave to wave—and diving under our Bows for booty, as they do round a shark, mistaking the ship for some voracious Monster, in pursuit of prey.

When this happened in the night they would shine like silver, while the phosphoric substances always floating in salt water, spangled with gold, the undulating

lating mass, foaming with the rush of the Vessel.

At other times Whales of the *Grampus* kind were seen spouting upon the surface of the water, and diving, with a heavy motion, erecting their forked tails as they went slowly down.

The wind continuing South-West we were soon surrounded with Fogs, with which these Banks are generally covered; and for a week or ten days afterward we had nothing to do but learn Sea phrases, and wish for a fair wind.

Nothing is said on ship board as it is said on shore. A Fresh-water Sailor soon finds he has a language to learn not taught at Grammar Schools, and is surprised

surprised to find himself ignorant of his own Mother tongue.

In short at Sea, if you do not learn to distinguish starboard from larboard, you might as well not know your right hand from your left; and a Landlubber that does not balance himself at sea, as a Sailor does on shore, will soon fetch way with a lee lurch, if he does not bring up against a stauncheon or a stay brace. But the most careless Fellow on board quickly learns *to mind the weather hand*; and if he be not a very dull Scholar he soon distinguishes amid the roar of winds and waves, and the rattle of sails, cordage and tackling, the more or less favourable sounds of "Square the yards!" or "Hawl taught the lee braces!" He
dreads

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dreads an approaching storm when *all is to be made snug*, and *the top sails double reefed*. But his courage returns when he hears "All Hands aloft!—shake the reefs out of the top sails fore and aft, and "loose top gallant sails!" which is soon answered from the yards "Let go the "weather reef tackle!" "Aye! Aye!" replies Jack from below—casts off, and cries, "All gone!"

Some phrases however are too complicated to be learned at the first lesson. Such for instance as "Loose the fore top "gallant back stay!" or "Hawl taught "the main top bow line!"

Others are simple enough, though outlandish, as, if you should ask the Man at helm what o'clock it is, you
would

might be answered " It's running six, Sir," or if you listened to him that heaves the lead while in shoal water, you might hear him sing out " And-a-
" quarter-seven!"

The colloquial phraseology of a Sailor differs no less from the vernacular tongue, and its profane drollery often provokes a laugh from the gravest disapprobation. " D—n it Jack!" says one, when the Captain was ashore, " now
" I'll be Boatswain, and you shall be
" Boatswain's Mate: When I cry pull
" do you hawl."

A true Sailor will never go to Sea while he has any money left, and if he
Vol. II. 3 K has

has not had a chance of spending the last farthing when he ships himself for a voyage, he'll throw it away, that it mayn't burn a hole through his pocket. But it oftener happens that Jack has spent all before the Ship is ready to sail, in which case he'll borrow what he wants of some prudent Mess-mate, to be repaid with twice as much when he gets his wages.—Characteristic improvidence, not perhaps to be regretted, if Commerce is beneficial to Society, as few would be likely to follow the Seas after the first ebullition of curiosity and adventure, without being sharply pressed by the spur of necessity.

Men of all nations mix together on the Ocean; but the English Language
is

is the common medium, being almost as universal at sea as the French is on land.

On the 26th. though immersed in a thick fog, the Captain thought us near enough to Cape Sable, the Southernmost extremity of Nova Scotia, to see the land; but the wind continuing South-West, we were obliged to go on in uncertainty for the Bay of Massachusetts.

Next morning the Sun crossed the line, the day wore a lowering aspect, and we dreaded the approaching night, imbayed as we were between the shoals of Nantucket, and the rocks of New Hampshire.

But

But the wind happily veered about in the night, and by next morning we had weathered the dangerous reef of sand that stretches from the east end of Nantucket, ten miles out to Sea, and terminates in sunken rocks, on which many a good Ship has been lost.

This day we saw several Vessels sailing gayly out of the different Ports on Long Island Sound, and about midnight we heard the Captain called on deck to see the Light-house. He immediately threw the lead, but finding thirty fathom water, concluded it must be a light on board some other Vessel, as the soundings are sufficiently regular all along this coast to indicate the distance a day's sail from land. Day-light however gradually displayed to our
longing

longing eyes the flat shores of Long Island, and coasting them along, by 8 o'clock we could discern the Highlands of Navesink, on the Easternmost point of New Jersey.

A Pilot soon came aboard from one of those two-masted Cutters, peculiar to this Port, which are said to be the swiftest sea-boats in the World.

He informed us all was well at New York; but that the Yellow Fever had been again introduced into Philadelphia, from the wretched Colony of St. Domingo. It seems the absurd Theory is not yet exploded—that supposes whole Crews infected with a pestilential Fever less likely to communicate their disease than putrid vegetables to create it!

The

The Pilot worked us into the Bay, with some difficulty, for want of wind, and we cast anchor that night in sight of the Light-house on Sandy Hook.

Next morning we passed the Narrows, and reached the Lazzaretto, by 7 o'clock, where we were visited by the Health Officer, and detained 24 hours, in consequence of a misunderstanding between him and the Captain.

On the 29th. we got again under sail, but were soon becalmed. We reconciled ourselves, however, to this second disappointment, as we were now in sight of the Town and could amuse ourselves with reconnoitering the beautiful Bay.

It

It here presents to the eye an expanse of seven or eight miles, bordered with woods, diversified with Islands, and crowned with the slender Spires of New York, rising from its neat brick buildings, interspersed with trees, and scattered over a point of land half a mile wide, which is bordered on each side with a thick grove of masts.

On the left hand of this lively scene the North River opens majestically, two miles in width, between mountains covered with wood to their very summits; while the East River, though an arm of the Sea, opening another communication between the Bay and the Ocean, here winds to the right, along its cultivated shores, in a modest channel of no more than three or four furlongs.

Some

Some Friends, however, suspecting our detention, came down for us in a Periague; and towards evening we set foot again on American ground, glad to leave behind us the brilliant systems of European refinement, rich as they are in the Monuments of Ancient Grandeur, and the Inventions of Modern Art; since they must be strained through every nerve to support, in this enlightened Age, the antiquated Institutions of Power and Superstition, while privilege on one hand, and depression on the other, create continual strife between the High and the Low—the Rich and the Poor.

LETTER XXXII.

*American Manners, and Observations upon
Travelling.*

Springfield [New Jersey] October 2nd. 1802.

WE arrived here yesterday, in good health and spirits ; and, although we have had the pleasure of finding most of our Relations here to welcome our return, I cannot forbear sketching off the strong impressions of contrast at first sight of our own Country, after so long an absence.

The flat Shores of Long Island, and the High Lands of Navesink, covered with Evergreens, looked to us at a
Vol. II. 3 L distance

distance as if they had got on a winter coat, and as we approached the coast the Farm Houses scattered along shore, without a Town, or even a Village in sight, had an air of comfortable mediocrity, equally remote from the Palaces and the Cottages of Europe. Large Orchards of Apples and Peaches, interspersed with the luxuriant growth of Indian Corn, marked the influence of a genial climate, while immense Fallows, carelessly railed in, bespoke the ease and independence of unfettered cultivation.

Every American Heart on board swelled at the grateful sight, and when we landed at the wharves I could scarcely refrain from embracing my native soil.

New

New York however looked to us like a genteel Village, or the half-country half-town retreats of the wealthy Citizens of London; the Houses, comparatively low, and of unequal height, being interspersed with vacant lots, and the Streets often lined with trees, under which occasional Passengers seemed to saunter along, equally exempted from the hurry of competition, and the obstruction of carts and coaches, of which now and then one passed quietly along, the Car-men sitting lazily upon their loads.

A saucy young Londoner of the Party observed that *the Old Folks wanted their hats brushed, or their shoes cleaned; and that the Young Fellows ought to have thrown away their half-boots seven years ago;*

ago ; and as for the Shops he declared they were as dirty as pig-sties.

We, however, looking at the fair side of the picture, admired the mild and unassuming air of Every Body we met, and were gratified with the respectful attention with which they eyed us, as Strangers, both High and Low giving us the wall in the streets, and occasionally holding the gates open for us in the public walks, where we were charmed with the mild countenances and unaffected deportment of the Young Ladies, equally distinguishable from English hauteur and French effrontery.

But nothing struck us more forcibly than the friendly looks and gentle manners of the Custom-house Officers, from
the

the Tide-waiter to the Collector of the Port; not one of whom displayed the power of imposition to extort a fee for not exerting it,

Some trifling objects intended for presents were allowed to pass, *without being seized, as a perquisite of office*; and, personal commodities, being duty free, we paid 18d. for a permit to land immediately the very articles which had been detained a week in London, at the Public Stores, turned upside down by the Searchers, and with difficulty got out of their Harpy clutches, after paying in lighterage, portorage, Searcher's fees, Duty, Custom-house dues, and Broker's commission on the whole, something more than five Guineas.

It

It was notwithstanding some time before I could pass through a Crowd without guarding against Pick-Pockets ; and whenever a person meanly dressed gave me the way, I put my hand into my pocket to feel if I had any pence for Beggars.

The sight of Negroes was at first a little surprising ; and the blunt manners of Domestics amazed us greatly, after having been served cap in hand through England.

Every Body looked pale and thin, after a hot Summer ; and People of all ranks had an air of rustic simplicity, being mostly clothed in light drabs.

Our

Our Friends welcomed us with such large fires that we could hardly bear their rooms, feeling ourselves no way chilly, in this dry climate, with the air of October; and we were obliged to reduce our voices, a note or two, finding our European tones a pitch above the common key.

The fruit stalls in the streets were loaded with Apples, Peaches, Pears, &c. at two or three for a penny.

The Fish Market of New York is probably the finest in the World, whether for cheapness, excellence, or variety. The Fish are brought alive from the adjacent Boats, and the rarest are sold as low as six-pence a pound. A Gentleman with whom we dined one day,

day, told us he had once gone on purpose to count up the number of kinds, and that he had made out twenty-seven different sorts, beside Shell-fish, then in the market.

Poultry and Wild Fowl are also cheap and excellent. Half a dollar will buy a pair of Ducks, or Dung-hill Fowls, and something more, a Goose, or a Turkey. But Butchers Meat is inferior to the English, both the climate and soil of England being peculiarly favourable to grazing. Justly may an Englishman boast the Mutton, the Veal, and *the Roast Beef of Old England*.

The streets in the old parts of New-York are nearly as crooked as those of European cities ; but the new parts are
run

run out in straight lines. That called the Broad Way, runs straight from the Country, and winds gently round toward the water, till it widens into a beautiful Square, opening over the Public walks, to an extensive prospect down the Bay.

One day we rode five miles into the Country, to dine with a Gentleman at his seat on the East River. The table was, as usual, loaded with varieties of Meat, Fish, and Fowl, garnished with at least half a dozen kinds of vegetables, and replaced by all the fruits in season. His House is a large framed Building painted white, with windows on all sides, in the same compact style with many others in the neighbourhood, which have been run up since the city has been so frequently visited with the Yellow
Vol. II. 3 M Fever.

Fever. They are generally erected upon square lots of ground, regularly divided into useful inclosures, and surrounded with trees, planted for fruit or shade, with little or no attention to ornament, though it would be so easy to cultivate the natural beauties of a country abounding with wood and water.

Another day we went with one of the Managers to see the Prison, or Penitentiary, lately erected upon the principle of substituting useful labour to corporal punishment for the prevention of crimes. A sublime idea uninspired by the patriotism of Solon, or Lycurgus, though naturally flowing from the benevolence of a Christian Lawgiver.

It

It is to Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, that the civilized World owes the first example of a Criminal Code from which the punishment of death was excluded, and though after a struggle of thirty years, the philanthropic attempt was superseded by the sanguinary Institutions of the Parent State, it is still to his Brethren in religious profession at Philadelphia, that we owe the happy experiment of solitary confinement, instead of public execution—of reformation, instead of punishment.*

The

* I say nothing of the pretended Abolition of Capital Punishments by the Empress Elizabeth—it would have been more to her honour to have abolished the Knout—that savage Relique of Russian Barbarism: But I blush for the boast of Civilized Humanity) the Torture was used in France, until the Reign of Lewis XVI. and it is whispered that the inhuman usage has been revived, in the most polished Nation in Europe, by a quondam Republican!—*Tell it not in Gath.*

The New York Penitentiary is a large stone Edifice, with extensive Courts, adapted to the various purposes of convenience and security. Here the Criminals are employed as regularly as in a Manufactory, and provided for as comfortably as in an Alms-house, at an expense incredibly moderate, under the intelligent economy of a Committee of Managers, who act upon principle.

We were told the cost of three good meals a day scarcely exceeded a sixteenth of a dollar per head. This expense is deducted from their earnings, and the surplus is laid by to enable them to begin an honest course of life, at the expiration of their term of labour, which they frequently do under the acquired habits of industry and sobriety,

ety, in the exercise, of which their spirits have never been broken by cruelty, nor hardened by disgrace. A few days confinement on bread and water, in a solitary cell, is all the correction that has ever been found necessary to reduce the most Refractory to obedience.*

As soon as it was possible to break away from the hospitality of the place, we set out for Springfield, in the Pack-

et

* The Criminal Lists of this Institution furnish instructive lessons upon the corruption of great towns, the importation of Foreign vices, and the depression of Negro slavery. The number of Offenders, compared with the number of People in country places, and in the Capital, is as one to twenty. The Proportion of these who are native Americans, to those who were born in Foreign countries, is but as four to seven, though the natives of the State compared to Foreign Settlers can hardly be less than fifty to one; and although Negroes, in or out of slavery, make but a thirtieth part of the population of the State, they form a third of the whole number of Convicts.

et Boat for Amboy, preferring the water line of stages, as being most direct.

It was against my own inclination, for I had pleased myself with the idea of riding through the delightful villages of Newark, Elizabeth-town, Rahway, &c. but I did not regret it afterward, as it afforded peculiar opportunities of observing the original simplicity of American manners, in a part of the Country less affected than usual by the continual accession of Foreigners.

We went on board early, and were much amused with the friendly civility of our Fellow Passengers, as they arrived one after another. One of them after bowing to us respectfully, but without moving his hat, called for some new Pamphlets

Pamphlets he had sent aboard the night before. They were brought to him after some time, sadly rumped, but instead of swearing at the Boy he mildly exclaimed "In the name of sense ! How came they " so ?" The Boy himself, I afterward remarked, only cried "Dang it !" when any thing went amiss ; and the Master of the Vessel never spoke a sharp word, during a passage tedious enough to have made a Thames Waterman disgorge all the imprecations of Billingsgate.

We waited a whole hour for some of the Passengers ; and when actually under way lay to a long while for one that hove in sight after we were off. The tide accordingly left us by the time we reached the Narrows, and we had full leisure, before

fore it served again, to go ashore and amuse ourselves.

At a Private House in the Neighbourhood we were entertained with bread and cheese, and peaches and milk, well sugared, at one-eighth of a dollar apiece; and, returning on board, in a Neighbour's Boat, without having previously agreed what the charge should be, we were told when we asked what was to pay, "You are very welcome!" instead of the European "What you please sir," which always means two or three times as much as a thing is worth.

Two Frenchmen lately arrived, finding out by this time that we could speak their language, complained to us what a dull place this was. *The Theatre had not been*

been opened since they arrived, and as to music and dancing they believed there was no such thing in the Country. They thought the People of New York must be melancholy, for they were always at work, and not a Soul was to be seen in the streets of a Sunday, during Church time. In short they were dying with ennui for want of amusement, and had resolved if it was no better at Philadelphia they would go home again by the first opportunity.

We assured them they would find it duller still, in Philadelphia, and agreed that they could not do better than go back to France, which was (in spite of Revolutions) the gayest country upon earth.

When we arrived at the Stage House next morning, there was a roaring fire

in the chimney, but the Landlord never stirred from his bar room to bid us welcome; and the Waiter, who was the eldest Son of the Family, answered our questions in such a low voice that it was with difficulty we learned whether we could have any thing to eat in the house or not: but concluding to stay to breakfast we were soon served with excellent coffee, and bread and butter—boiled eggs, and two or three dishes of cold meat; the charge for all which was only three-eighths of a dollar, and when we left the House, Nobody cried “Pray remember the “Waiter!”

The Stage Coach was a light covered Waggon, hung with curtains, instead of glasses, less genteel to be sure than an English

English Coach : but Nobody rode *on the roof, or in the basket*, and the Horses were not galled with the weight.

The road lay several miles through a beautiful Wood, where we admired the straightness of the trees, and the smoothness of their trunks, indicating the rapidity of their growth, till we reached a village called Spotswood, consisting of a Tavern, a Shop, and a School House, with half a dozen more framed Houses, having yards and gardens between them.

The Country after this was sprinkled with Farms, and two more Villages occurred, at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, in the same style with the former, with the addition of a Church without a steeple.

Not

Not a single Beggar came out to solicit charity, as we stopped to change Horses, and the People were every where decently clad, and remarkably tall and slender, with a striking air of ease and independence.*

At

* There had been a slight frost, a few days before, and the Groves were now arrayed in their autumnal uniform, the broad masses of fading green, being every where richly embroidered with red and yellow. The main body, consisting chiefly of the ten or twelve branches of the Family of Oaks, still retained a dingy green for the ground of the living Picture, coloured by the hand of Nature. Here a Gum, a Sassafras or a weakling Oak formed an unbroken mass of red—there, a Locust, a Walnut or a Hickory flared upon the eye with every tint of yellow, while the lofty Poplar presented a chequered curtain of alternate hues—Here and there sheltered Hickories with yellow edges reminded us of a Citron Grove loaded with golden fruit; and variegated Maples tinged at once the different branches of the same tree with yellow, green and red, in a manner that would be deemed inexcusably fantastic from the brush of an inferior Colourist. Now and then a sturdy Oak, still clad in summer green, partially concealed a Vine of purple, that clinging round its trunk, and dropping from its topmost branches, gave an idea of a Giant of the Forest bleeding at every pore. Some tints were mixed as if on purpose to exhibit a combination of colours. While the Sycamore shewed the effect of a yellowish green, the Lind displayed the more brilliant mixture of a reddish yellow, and innumerable Evergreens contrasted their lively verdure with the fading hues of the Ash, the Chesnut, and other perennial plants of the majestic Shrubbery of Nature.

At Crosswicks we quitted the Stage, which went no farther our way, and lodged there that night, at a neat Inn, as quiet and comfortable as a Private House. Here we observed at the bar a printed list of the rates allowed by law for public entertainment, which it seems is a general regulation in the State of New Jersey.

Next morning we hired a Carriage of the Landlord, and drove ten miles across natural meadows, extensive Orchards, and Fields of Indian Corn, in separate inclosures, interspersed with clumps of wood, and enlivened by substantial Farm Houses whose Barn Yards swarmed with Dunghill Fowls, and turned out large Flocks of Geese and Turkeys.

In

In one of ~~these~~ peaceful Dwellings we again embraced our expecting Friends, and shall wait, without impatience, until wholesome frosts may purify the air of Philadelphia, and permit our return to an abode of happy mediocrity, endeared by absence, and enhanced by comparison.

Before I take my leave perhaps my opinion may be expected of the utility of Foreign Travel to the Youth of America. It is not unfavourable for Young Men of character, or capacity, under certain restrictions.

In

In the Old Countries few Young Persons travel for observation who cannot afford the expensive safe-guard of a Governor, or Travelling Companion, previously acquainted with the manners and the languages of the Countries they visit.

As long as American Fortunes will hardly bear this accompaniment, I think our Young Men should not be trusted abroad under the age of five and twenty, when their habits and principles may bear the shock of the specious systems, and enervating indulgences, of European refinement—possibly increase their attachment to American simplicity, and Republican virtue.

At that age, if it is ever worth while for them to see other Countries, at least they
will

will not be ignorant of their own; and they themselves, if not their Fellow Citizens, may profit more or less by the opportunity of comparison.

At the distance of three thousand miles from his native shores a true Son of Columbia will feel a patriotic affection for every branch of the Union, from New Hampshire to Georgia. If he went away with the local—or the rival prejudices of a Philadelphian or a New Yorker, of a Bostonian or a Baltimorean, he will come back a Citizen of the United States.

If he was once so attached to either of the Leading Parties into which European politics have unhappily divided his Country, as to have believed that one of
them

them was always right, and the other always wrong, he will be likely to see, through the impartial medium of distance, that the most right was sometimes wrong, and the most wrong was sometimes right.

He will return home no longer apprehensive of serious injury to the State from Fellow Citizens, of either party, who alike administer its Government under the check of election, and the pledge of responsibility; though he may lament that a change in the Presidency must displace the Servants of the Public through every grade of Administration; and that the test of eligibility with the People themselves is not so much those old-fashioned qualifica-

Vol. II. 3 O tions,

tions, plain sense, and inflexible integrity, as the eloquence of a Barrister, or the obstinacy of a Partizan:

For my own part, at that amalgamating distance, I could see but one spot in my beloved Country.—It is a dark one—but time and principle are wearing it out.—I trust in God the Advocates for European Despotism will not much longer be allowed to say: “Nothing is hereditary *but Slavery* in the American “Republic!”

It is undoubtedly useful to break off now and then from the habitual routine of business, or domestic life, which may be followed from youth to old age without materially increasing the original stock

stock of information; but this is an advantage which may be procured, without crossing the Atlantic, within the ample boundary of the United States.

A young New Englander, for instance, may cast off his leading strings on an excursion to the Middle States, so rapidly progressing, since the Revolution, in the arts of cultivation, and the ornaments of improvement—An Eleve of the Southern States may quit the debasing vicinity of Negro Quarters, with still greater advantage, to contemplate the industry and morality of the hardy Sons of the North—A Pupil of the Academies of Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore, or a Graduate of the Eastern Colleges, may scour the Western Wilds,

Wilds, and return with health and spirits to begin the career of life.

But the isolated situation in which an intelligent Individual may generalize his ideas, and lose the Philadelphian or the New Yorker in the Citizen of the United States—that commanding elevation from which he may compare the habits of different Countries, appreciate their Governments and laws, and weigh the various advantages of situation, and the different operations of ingenuity, can only be attained by a temporary expatriation, from his Natal soil, during which he becomes a Citizen of the World, and gives himself the rare opportunity of contemplating the Systems of National Policy in their effects upon Human happiness ;

happiness ; or, if his constitution is rather patriotic than philosophical, of confirming or correcting the habits of that Native Land, for which the wisdom of Providence has universally implanted a partiality that mocks at preference, and scorns comparison.

Those who visit Foreign countries, however, should by all means carry with them a cheerful and friendly disposition, as well as a pocket full of money, to enable them to support, without irritation, the fatigue of inconvenience and the expense of imposition.

They will then view, with admiration, the various advantages of soil and climate—of laws and manners ; and when they return home, with a rational preference

ference for their own Country, because it best befits their own habits of life, instead of gratifying National malignity by an unequal comparison of their own advantages with the disadvantages of other People, they will be rather disposed to justify, and adore, the impartial distribution of Providential benevolence, to which they have every where been witnesses.

But, alas for Human Nature! corruption and refinement keep equal pace, and an American Parent would with difficulty consent to indulge his Son's inclination to see the World, if he knew how insidiously his Darling Hope might contaminate the purity of his Republicanism amid the dazzling splendour of British Aristocracy; his Christianity
among

among the Deistical Philosophers of France; and his morals in the seducing air of Italy.

The Agents of Manufacturing Houses now spare our Merchants the trouble of going to England to settle a correspondence; and the Revolution has taught us that Law can be studied without having Chambers in the Inns of Court—Physic and Surgery without repairing to the professors of Edinburgh or Montpellier—and even Divinity without Foreign ordination.

It is impossible to travel through strange Countries without a degree of danger, fatigue, and imposition, which Few that have incurred would recommend to the experience of their Friends;
who,

who, thanks to the invention of printing, and the garrulity of modern Tourists, may purchase information at a cheaper rate, and amuse themselves with the peculiarities of every Quarter of the Globe, without stirring a foot from the Paternal roof, or the chimney corner.



